

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

NOVEMBER
No. 55

COMICS



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HAWKA·A·A!

Blackhawk

Divides to Unite!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

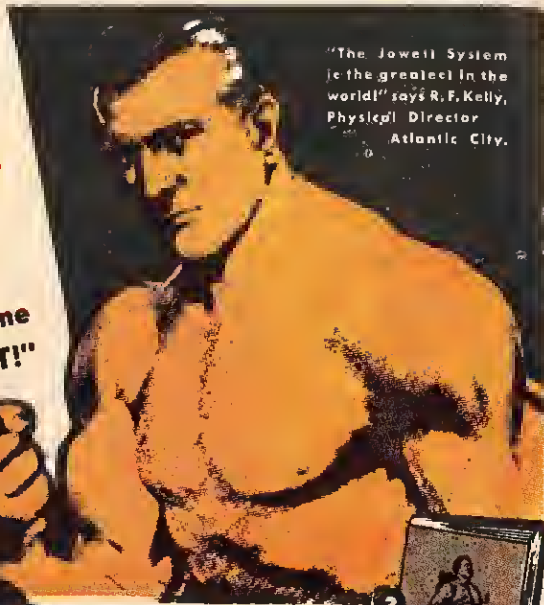
WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

**"Let me show YOU too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
COMMANDO
-TOUGH**

**inside and out ... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"**

says **George F. Jowett**
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British
forces knocking tops and Nazis plus happy with their quick
powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick
time I can put inches of dynamic muscles in your arms!
Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And
power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will cause
your muscles to ache for thousands the world over. Give
me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned
to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any
other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven
its ability to build the strongest, handiest men in the world.
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no
matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully
satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A
Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength
that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained
athlete who was named America's
first prize winner for Physical
Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion
Strength Athlete of South Africa,
says he, "I owe everything to
Jowett's methods!" Look at this
chest—then consider the value of
the Jowett Courses!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of
weaklings to muscular power. Packed with
photos of miracle men of might and muscle
who started perhaps weaker than you are.
Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in
strength that inspired his pupils to follow
him. They'll show you the best way to
might and muscle. Send for this FREE
gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS
STRONG MEN.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1



At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-
building courses, are available in book
form to all readers of this publication
at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5
for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your
family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically
fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by
following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-
building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books
for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for
25c. If you're not delighted with these famous
muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL
results within ONE WEEK, send them back and
your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you!
And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT
COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of
the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles
of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett, Your apostrophe looks good to me. Send
by return mail, prepaid, the sources checked below, for
which I enclose () the FREE book of PHOTOS.
☐ All 5 courses for \$1 ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c
☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Gut 25c
☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (5c plus postage.) No orders less
than \$1 sent C.O.D.

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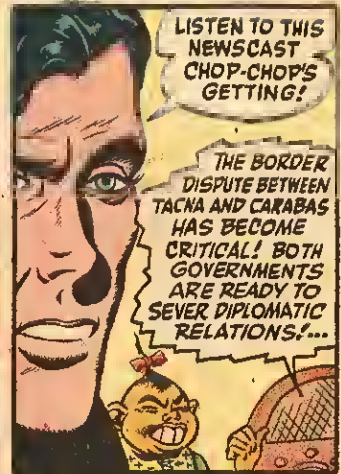
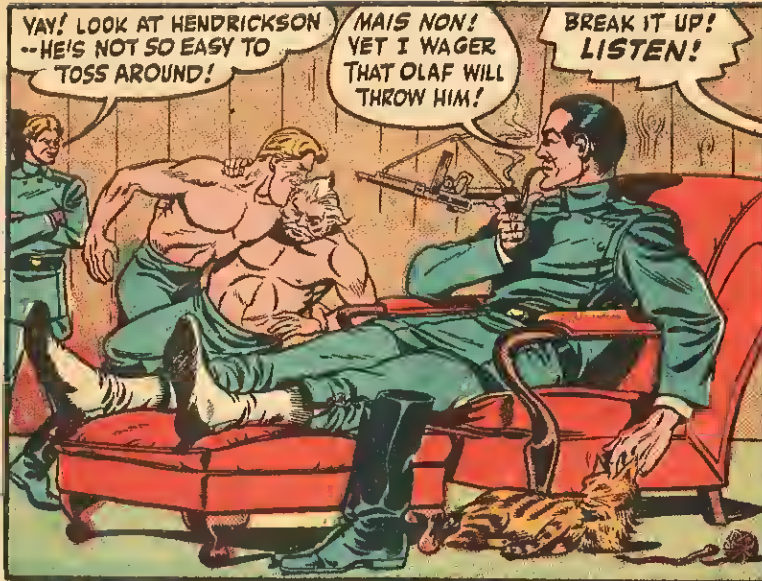
BLACKHAWK



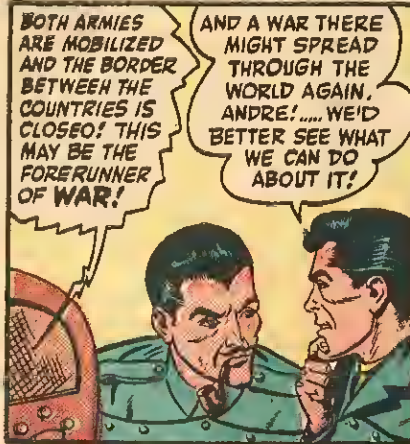
BATTLE is the daily bread of *The Blackhawks!*

Sometimes they **PREVENT** it instead of **STARTING** it...

as in the case of the heartless **SMUGGLER SYNDICATE** that almost drove two nations into a new and terrible war!



The prime minister of Tacna confers with his commanding general....



The warrior king of Carabas also moves quickly....

I'M TAKING PERSONAL COMMAND OF OUR TROOPS STATIONED AT THE RIVER! IF THE TACNANS START TROUBLE, WE'LL FINISH IT!

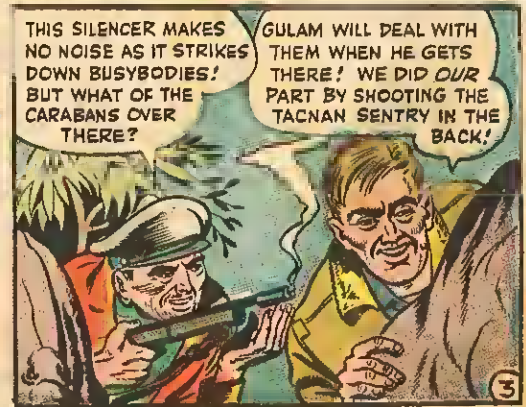
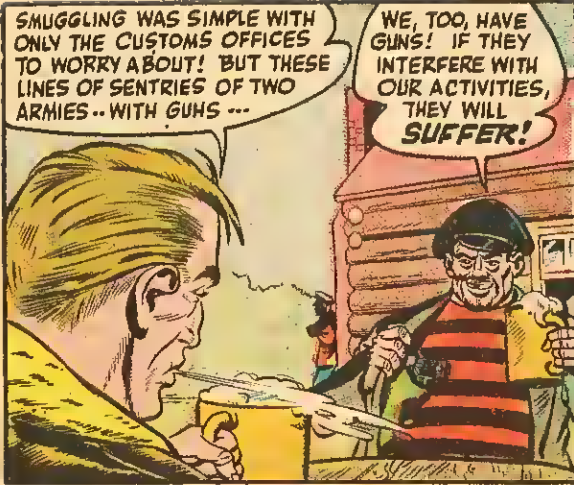


And yet another conference...

THIS BORDER BUSINESS IS EXACTLY WHAT OUR SMUGGLER SYNDICATE NEEDS, RUKZON! WE STAND TO MAKE A FORTUNE!

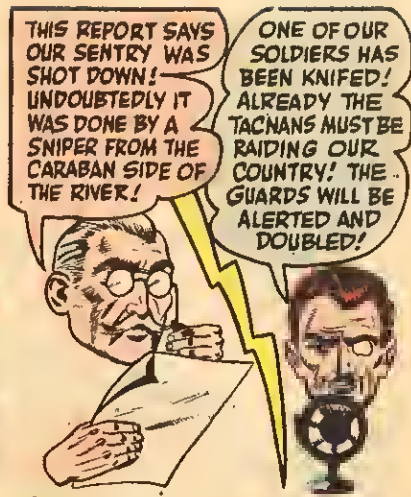
YES, IF WE CAN PLAY BOTH COUNTRIES AGAINST EACH OTHER, GULAM!





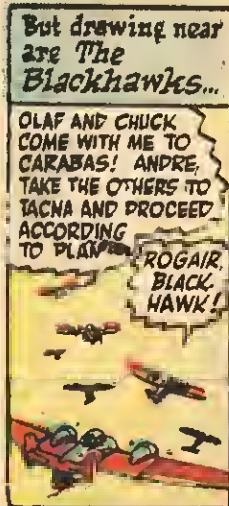


THIS TAKES CARE OF THE CARABAN! THE WAY IS OPEN! QUICK, BRING THE STUFF ASHORE AND REPORT TO OUR FRIENDS INLAND!



THIS REPORT SAYS OUR SENTRY WAS SHOT DOWN! UNDOUBTEDLY IT WAS DONE BY A SNIPER FROM THE CARABAN SIDE OF THE RIVER!

ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS HAS BEEN KNIFED! ALREADY THE TACNANS MUST BE RAIDING OUR COUNTRY! THE GUARDS WILL BE ALERTED AND DOUBLED!



But drawing near are The Blackhawks...

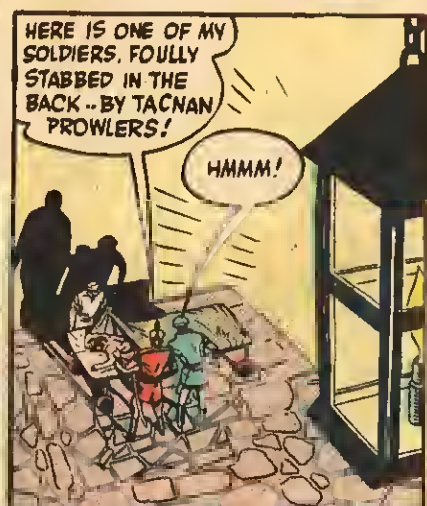
OLAF AND CHUCK COME WITH ME TO CARABAS! ANDRE, TAKE THE OTHERS TO TACHA AND PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN.

ROGAIR, BLACK HAWK!



AH, BLACKHAWK! A LESS HONORED VISITOR MIGHT BE MISTRUSTED JUST NOW--BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US RESIST THIS OUTRAGE!

WILL YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT, YOUR MAJESTY?



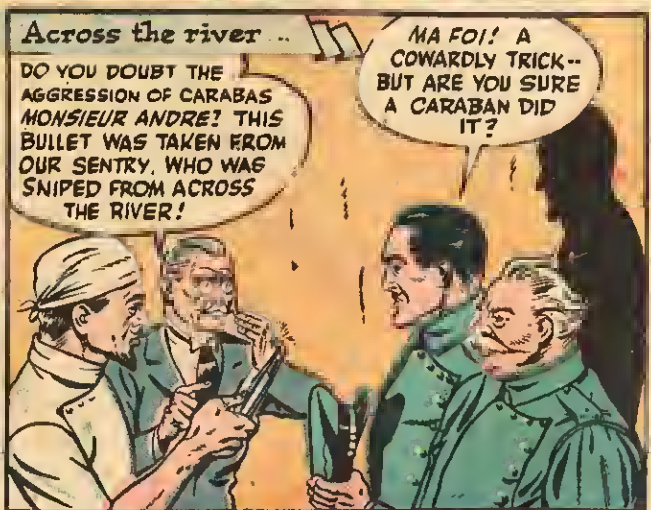
HERE IS ONE OF MY SOLDIERS, FOULY STABBED IN THE BACK--BY TACNAN PROWLERS!

HHMM!



I'M WELL ACQUAINTED WITH STAB WOUNDS... AND I'LL TAKE MY OATH THAT THIS WAS NOT DONE WITH A REGULATION MILITARY DAGGER!

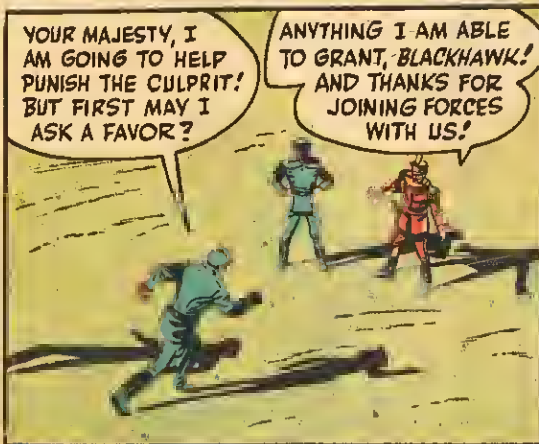
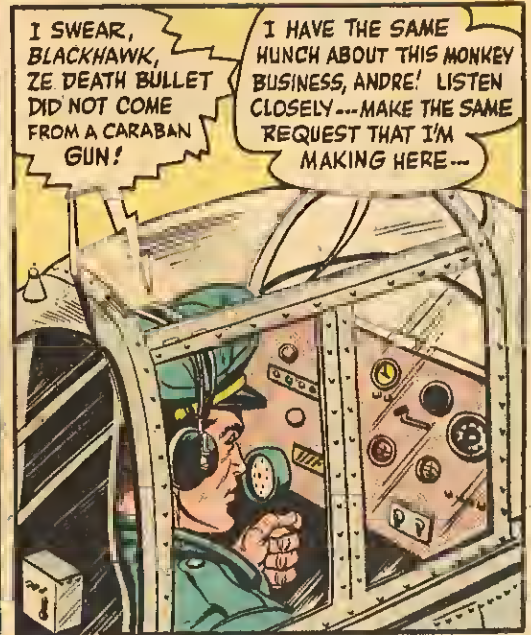
PERHAPS NOT! WE MUST MAKE FURTHER INVESTIGATION!

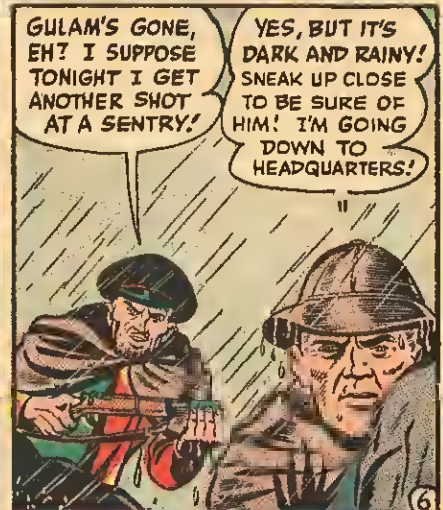


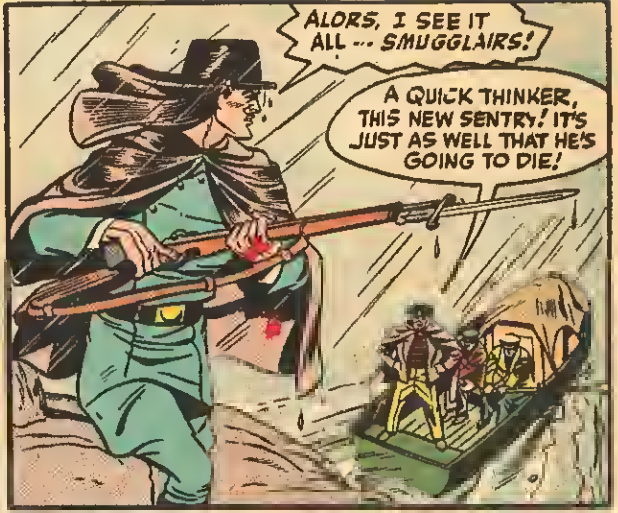
Across the river ...

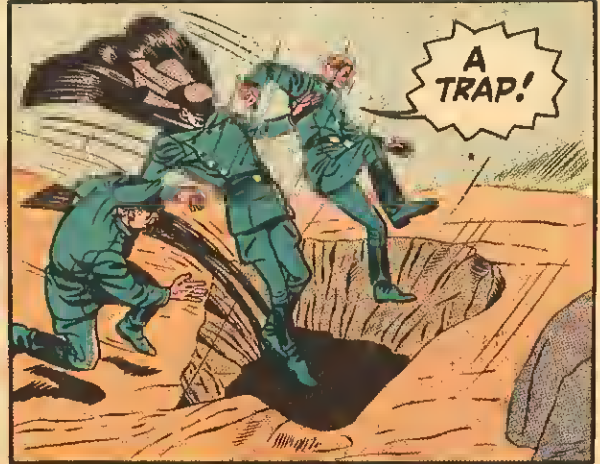
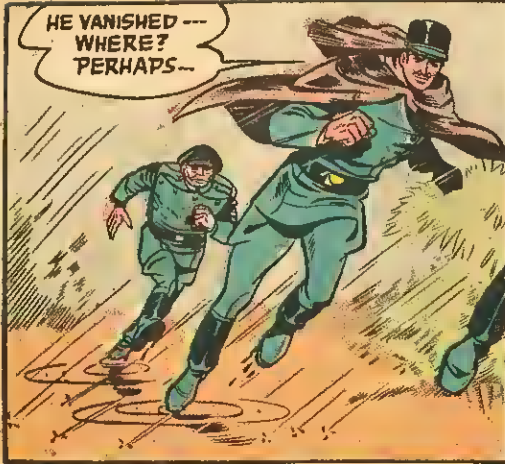
DO YOU DOUBT THE AGGRESSION OF CARABAS MONSIEUR ANDRE? THIS BULLET WAS TAKEN FROM OUR SENTRY, WHO WAS SNIPED FROM ACROSS THE RIVER!

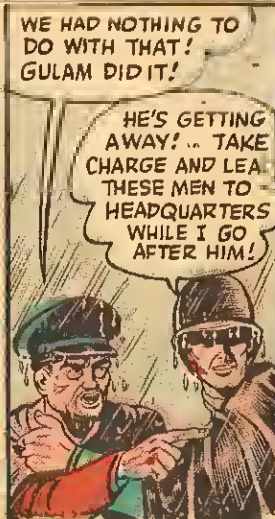
MA FOI! A COWARDLY TRICK-- BUT ARE YOU SURE A CARABAN DID IT?

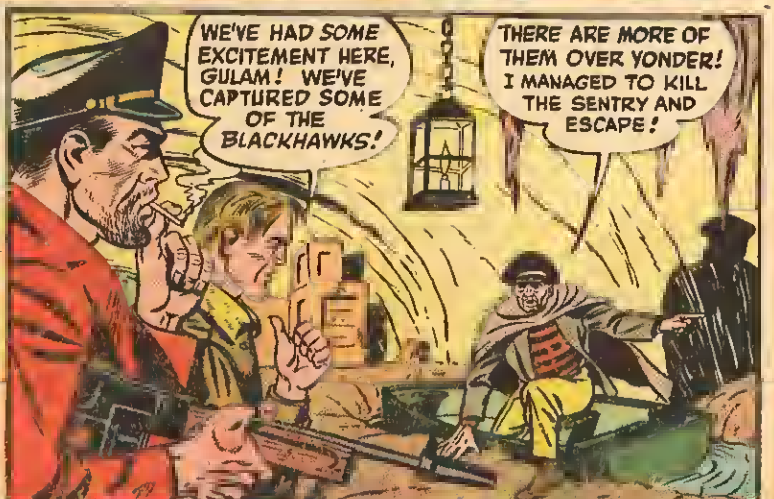
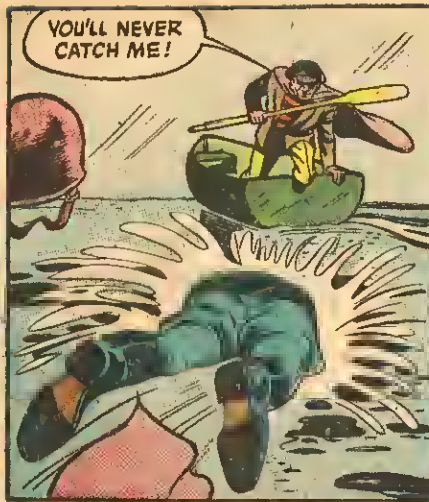


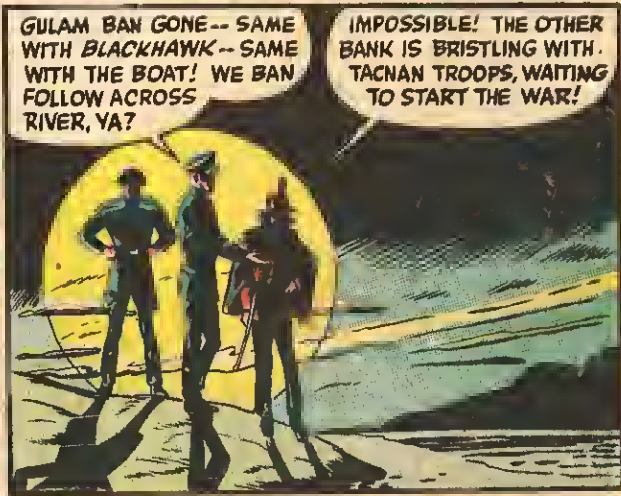
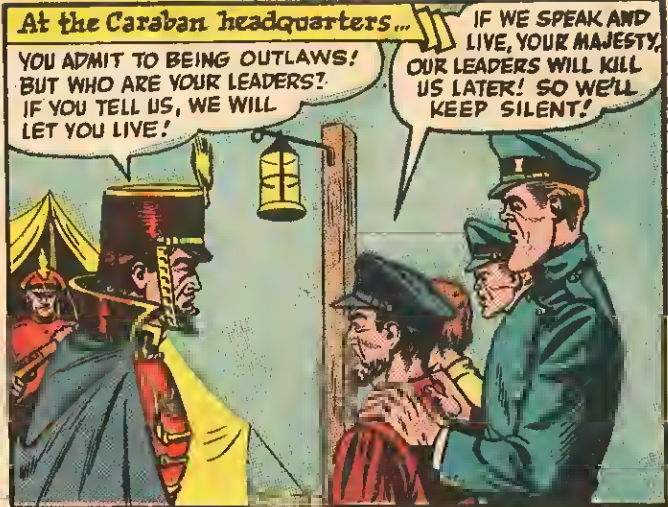


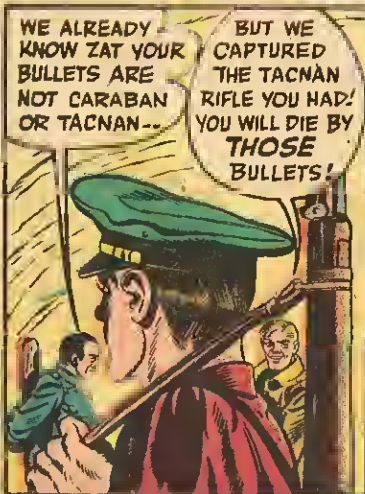
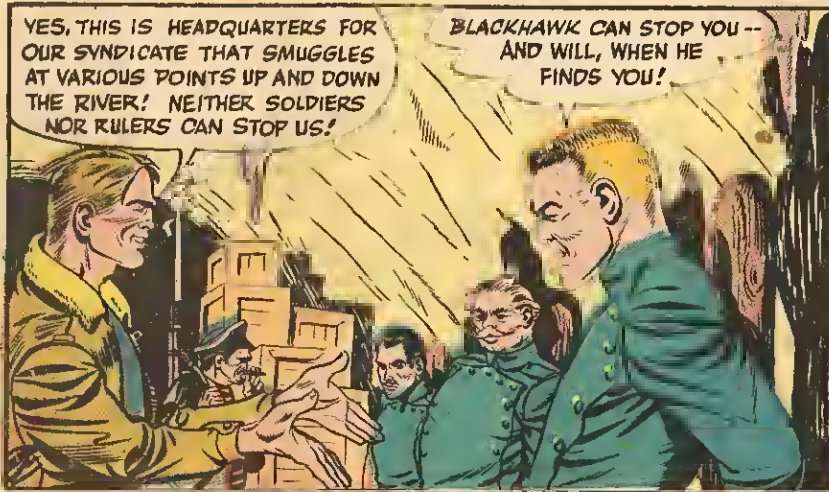


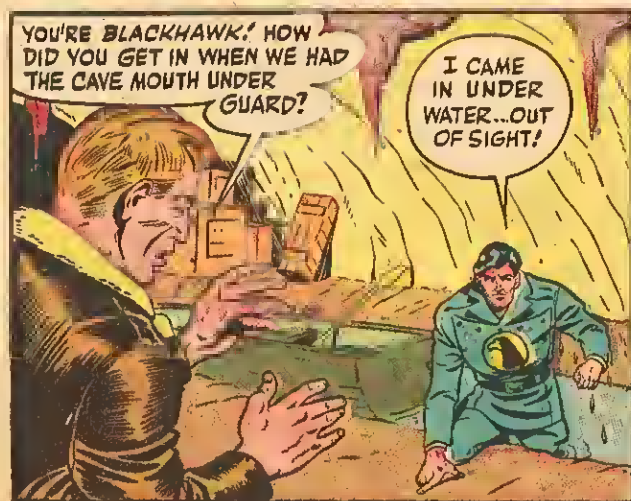
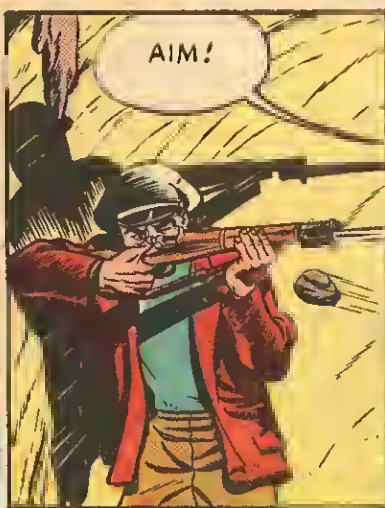


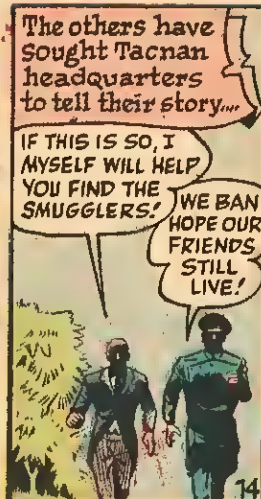
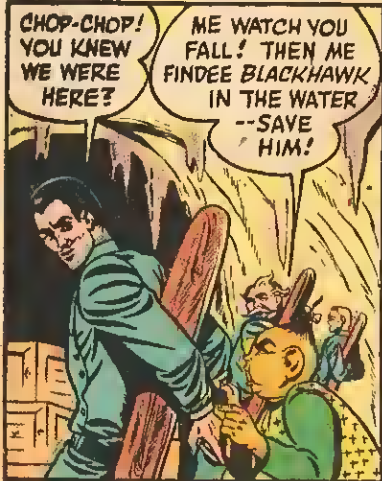
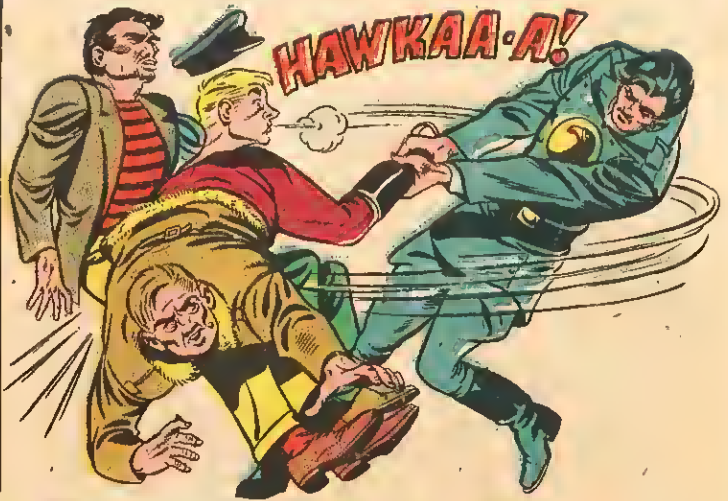






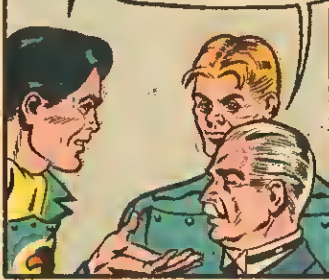






YOU SEE, SIR, THE CARABANS DIDN'T KILL YOUR SENTRY! THE SMUGGLERS CAUSED THE TROUBLE! PERHAPS THE ORIGINAL TROUBLE CAN BE IRONED OUT!

THERE IS MUCH IN WHAT YOU SAY, BLACKHAWK!



IF YOU AGREE TO BE MEDIATOR, I WILL REQUEST AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF CARABAS!

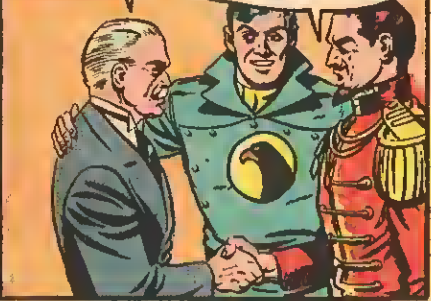
WE'LL WORK HARD FOR PEACE!



And Blackhawk presides at a conference, which ends favorably....

I AM HAPPY THAT OUR DIFFERENCES ARE AT AN END, YOUR MAJESTY!

LET OUR TWO ARMIES ROOT OUT THE LAST OF THESE TROUBLESOME SMUGGLERS... WORKING TOGETHER AS THEY SHOULD!

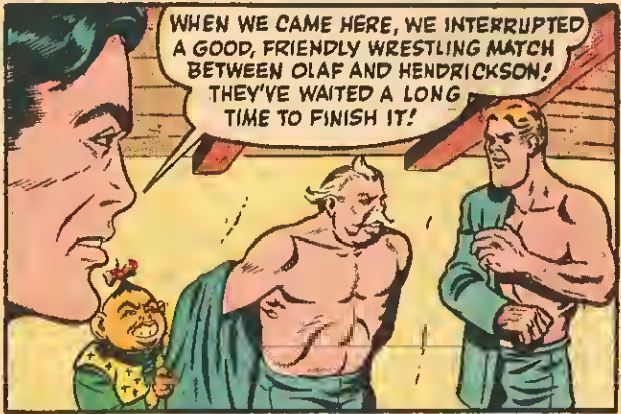


AND YOU BLACKHAWKS ARE RESPONSIBLE! EVERYTHING'S SETTLED!

WELL, NOT QUITE EVERY-THING--FOR US!

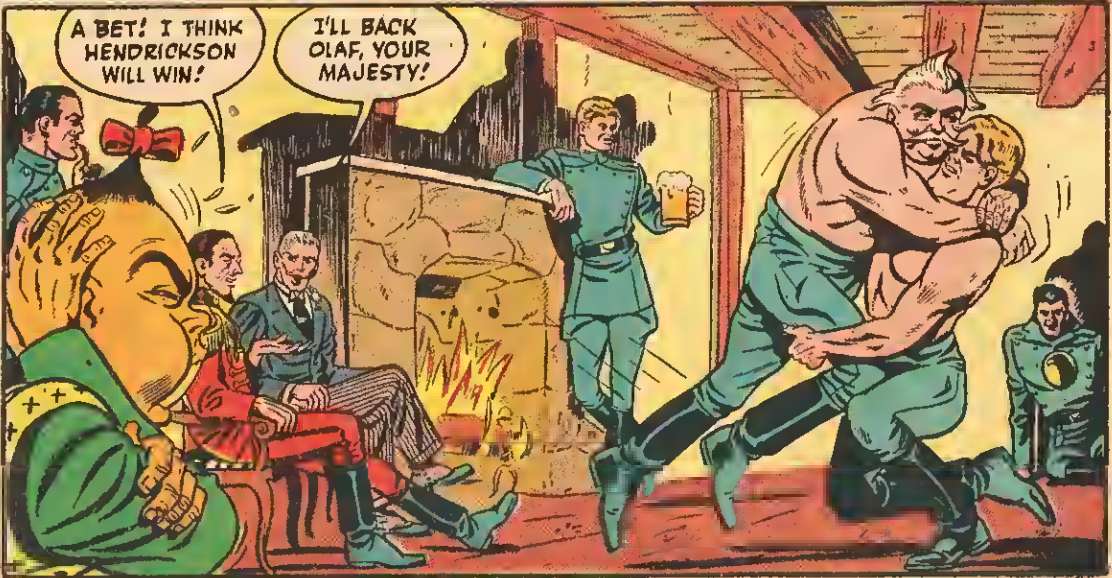


WHEN WE CAME HERE, WE INTERRUPTED A GOOD, FRIENDLY WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN OLAF AND HENDRICKSON! THEY'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO FINISH IT!



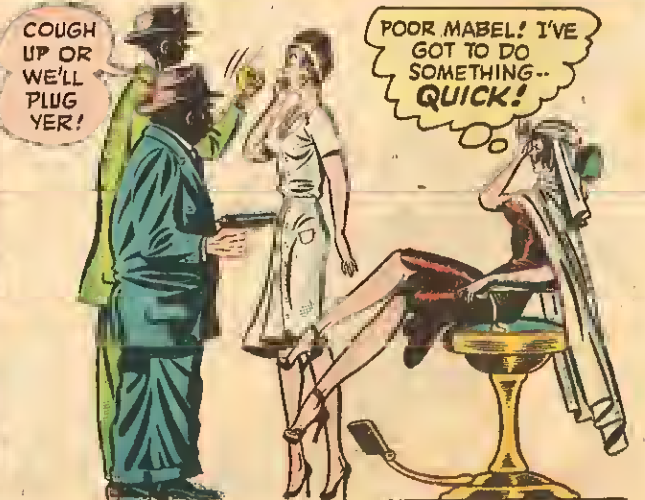
A BET! I THINK HENDRICKSON WILL WIN!

I'LL BACK OLAF, YOUR MAJESTY!

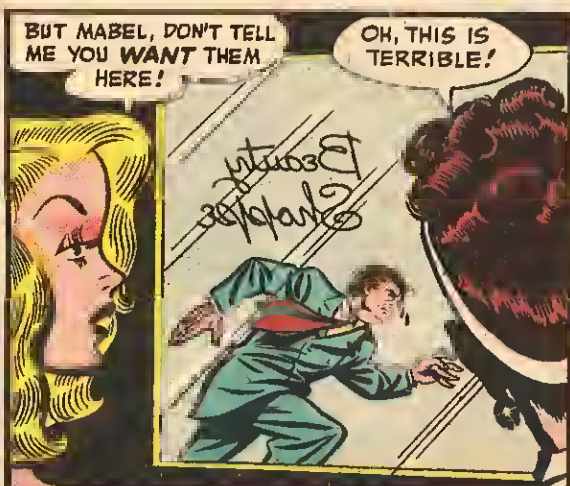
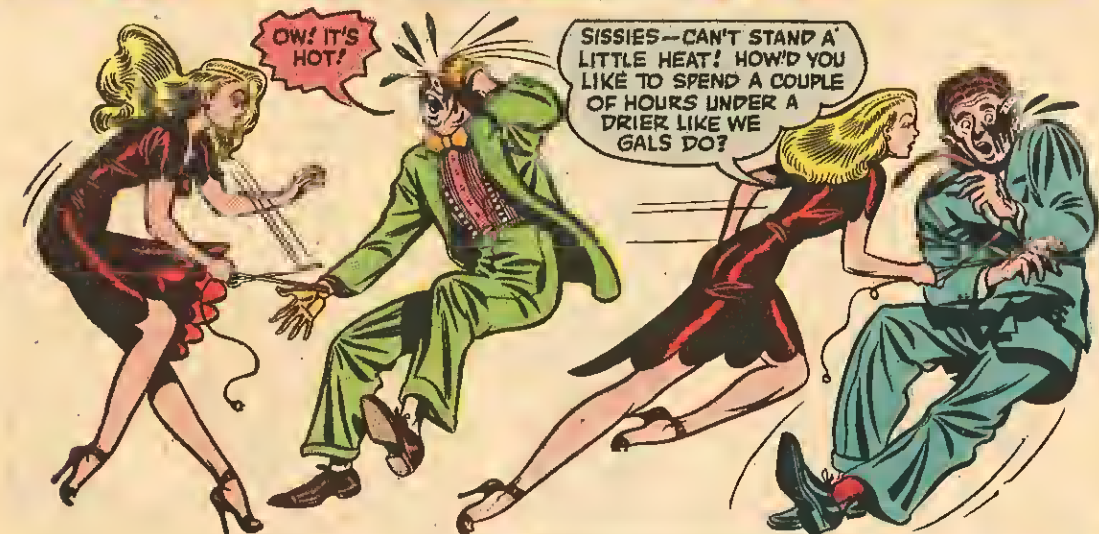
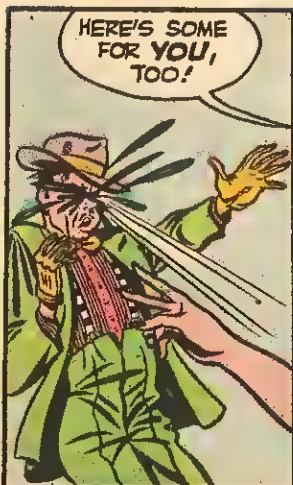
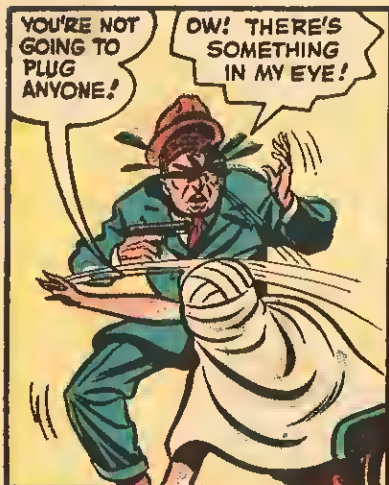


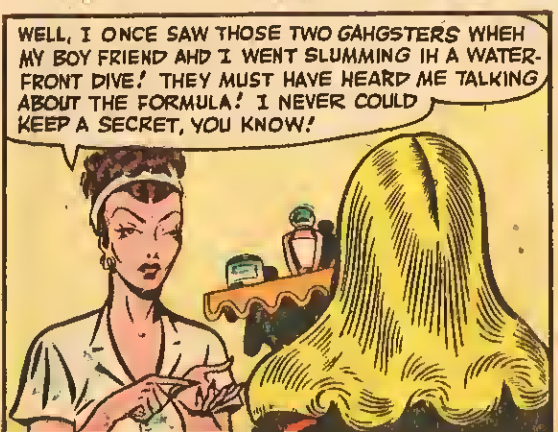
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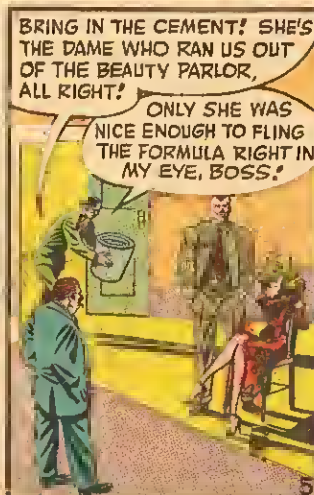
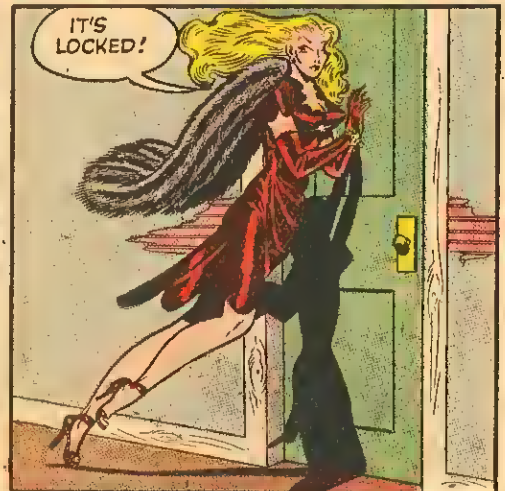
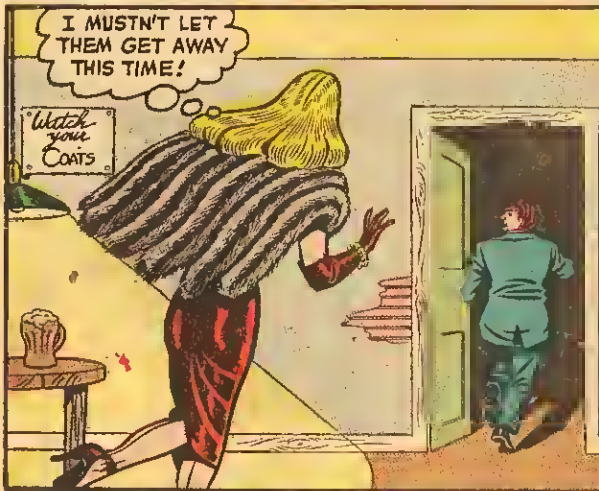
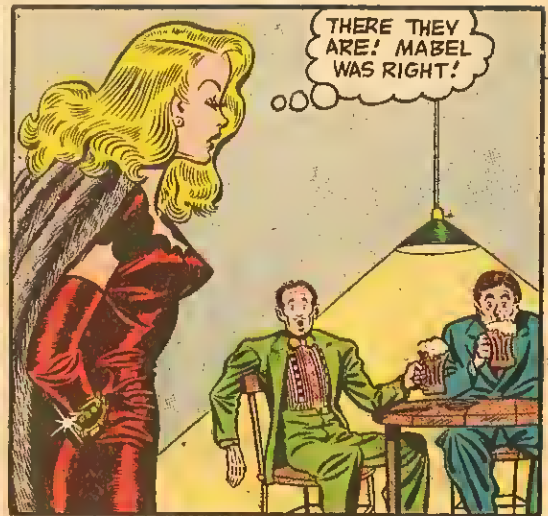
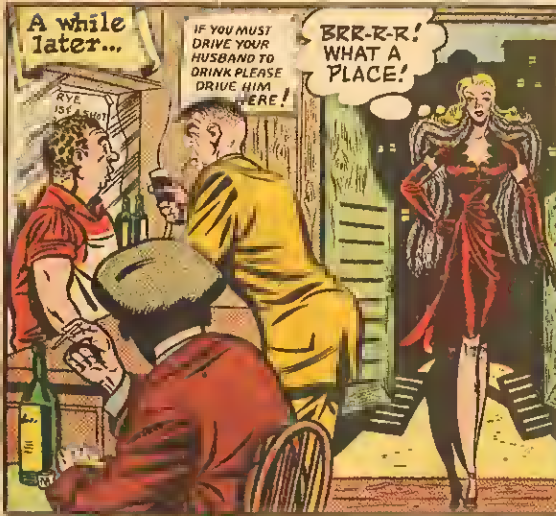


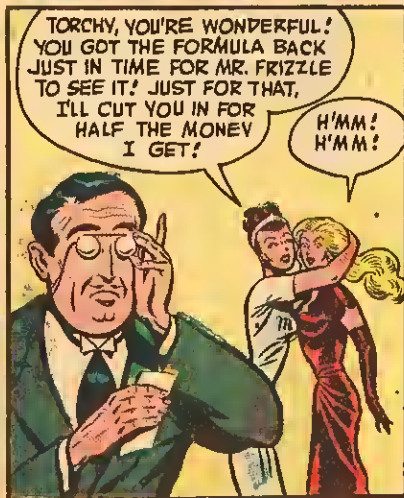
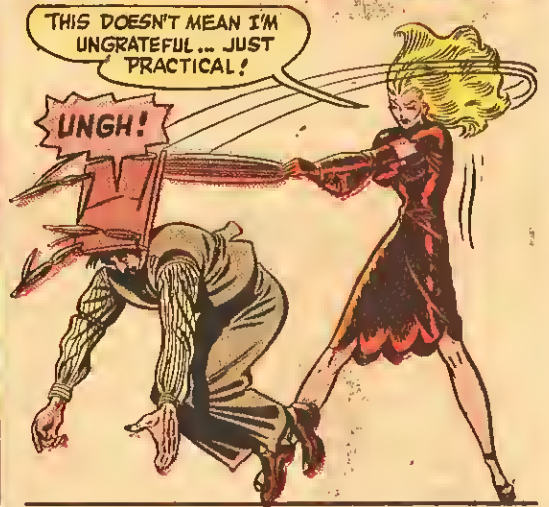
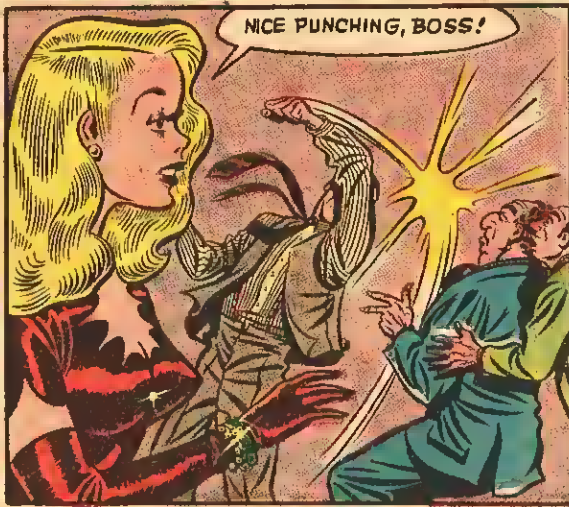
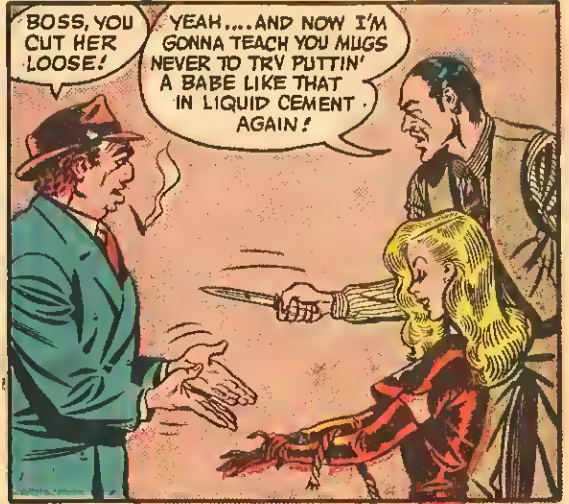
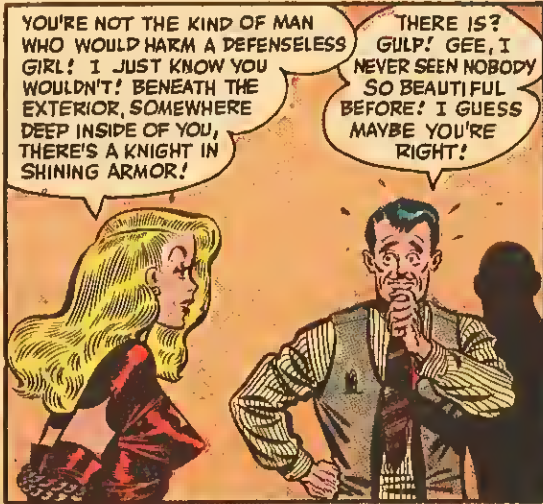


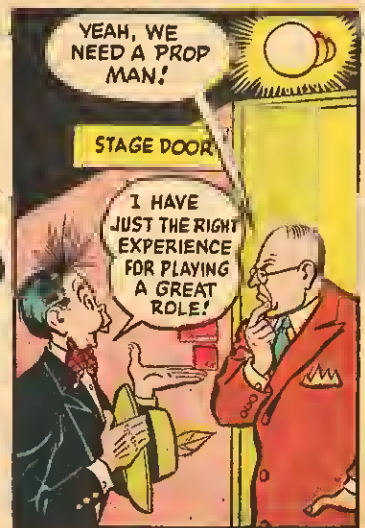
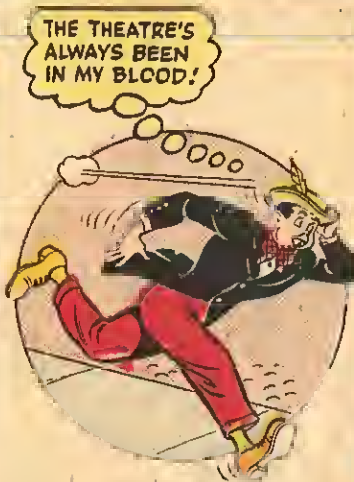
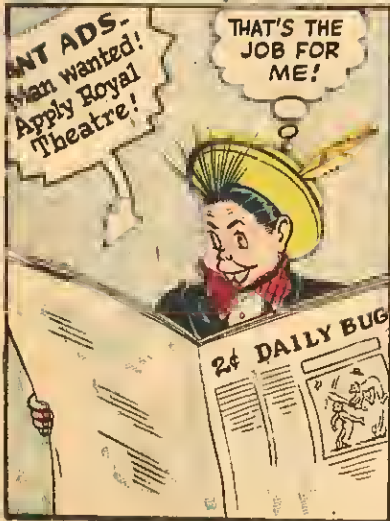
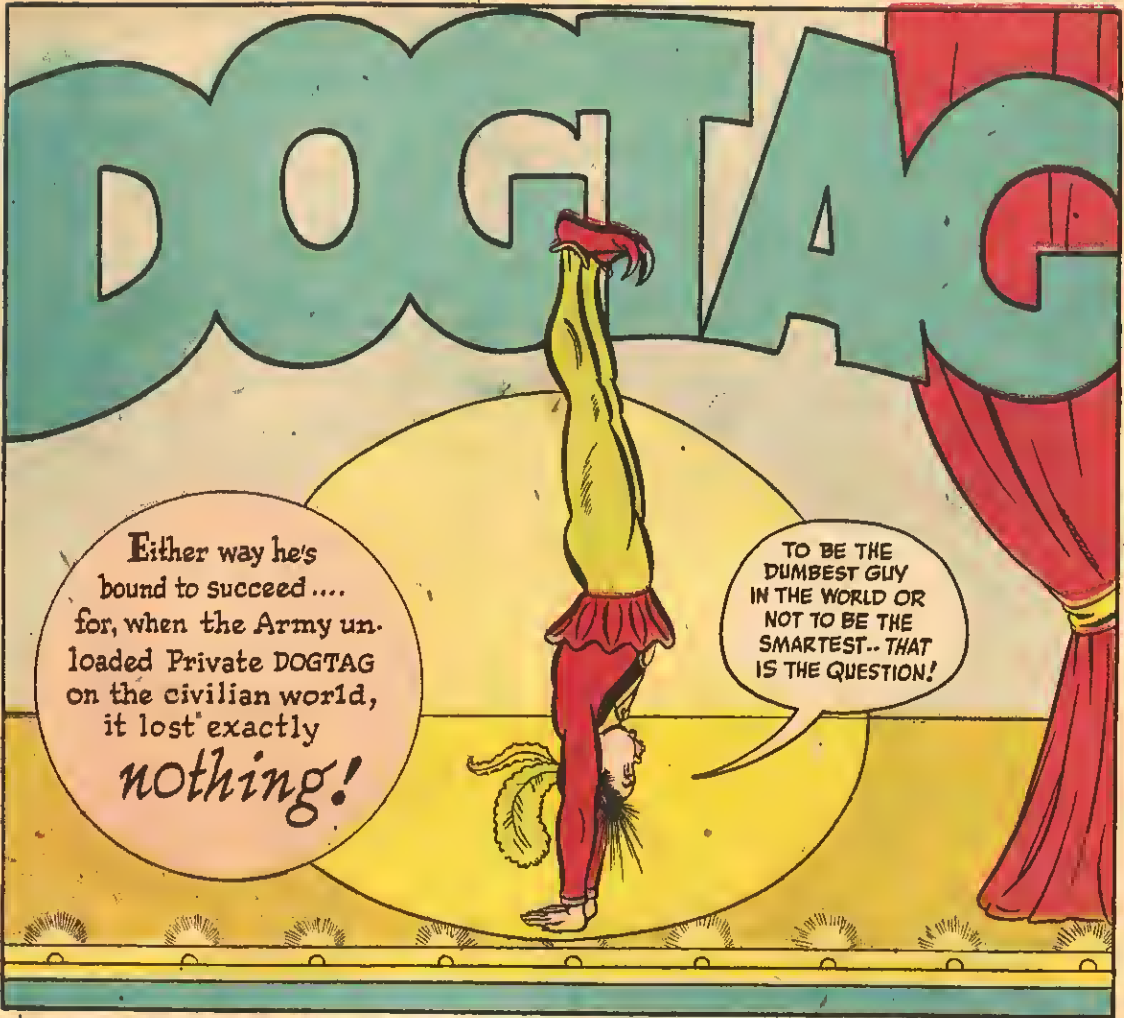
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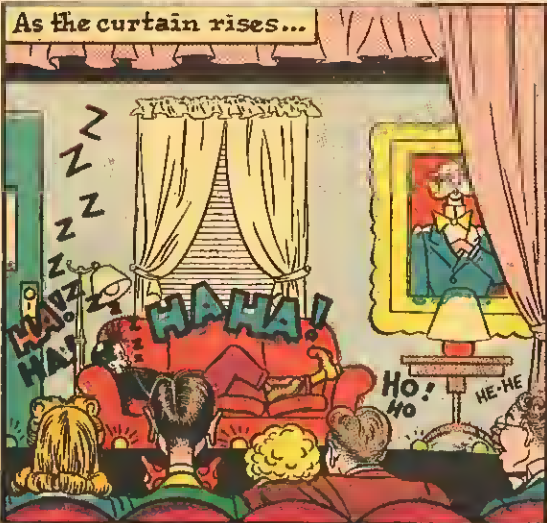
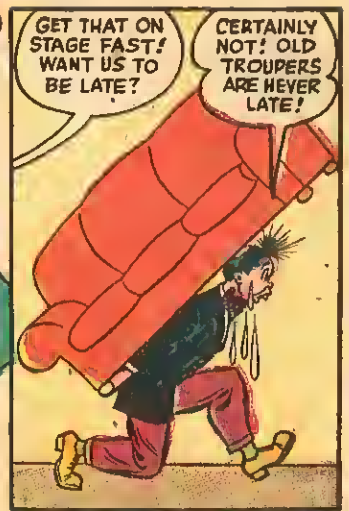
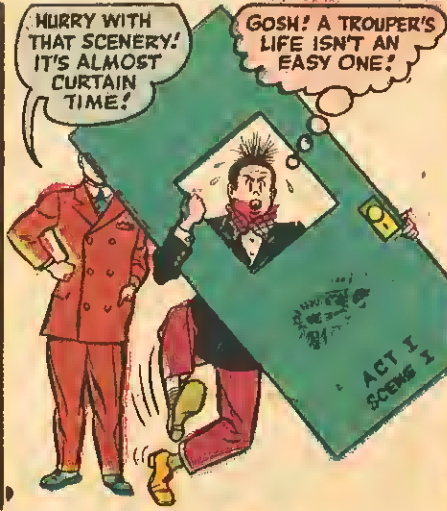


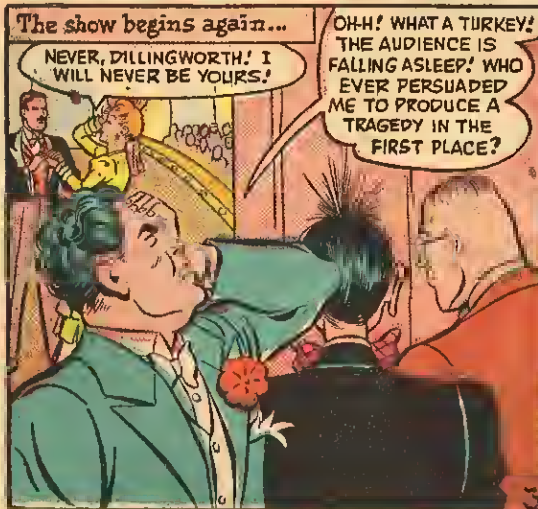
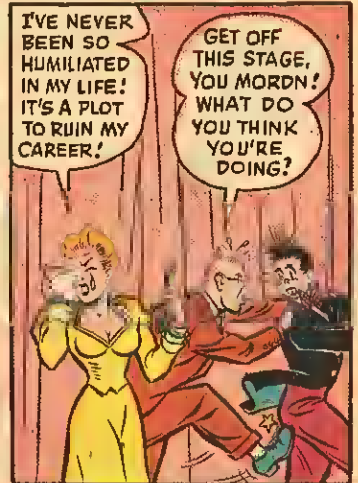
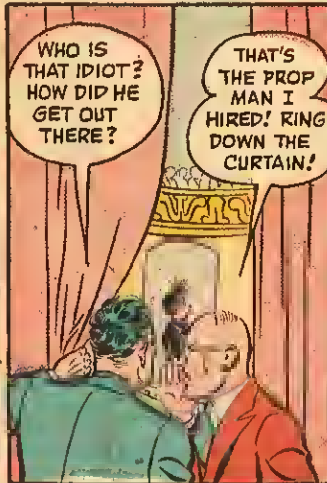
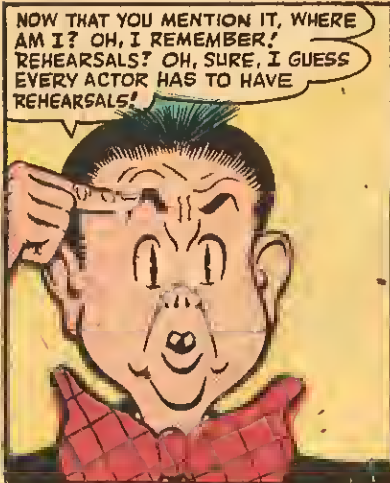
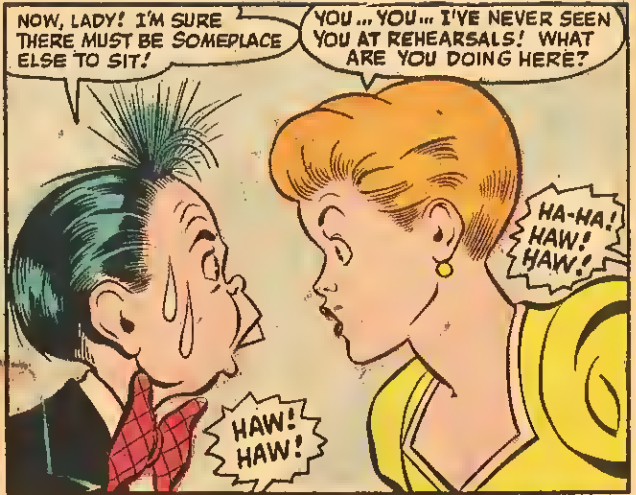


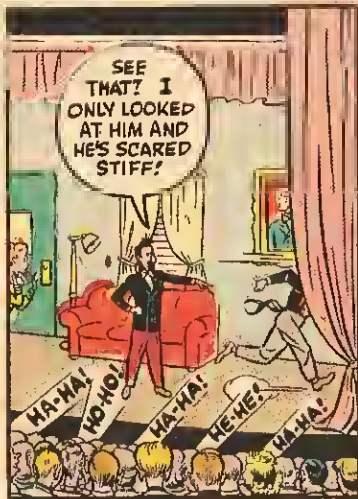
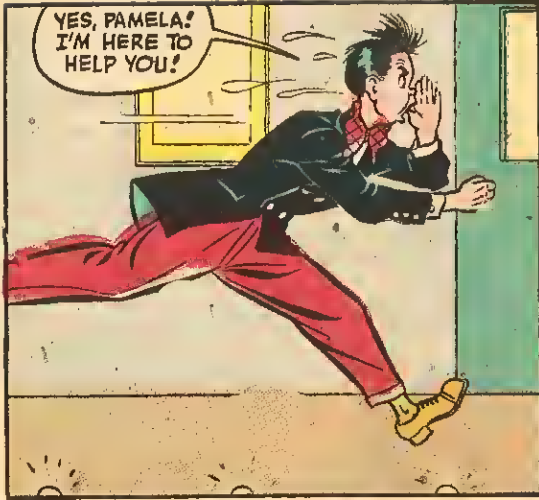


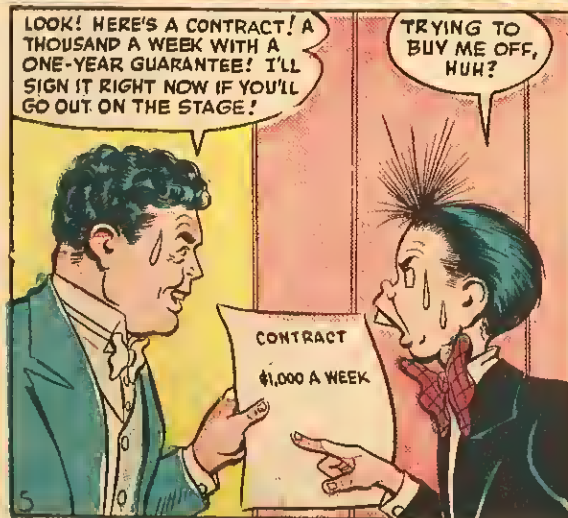
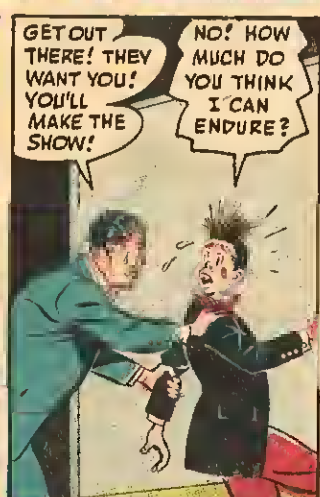
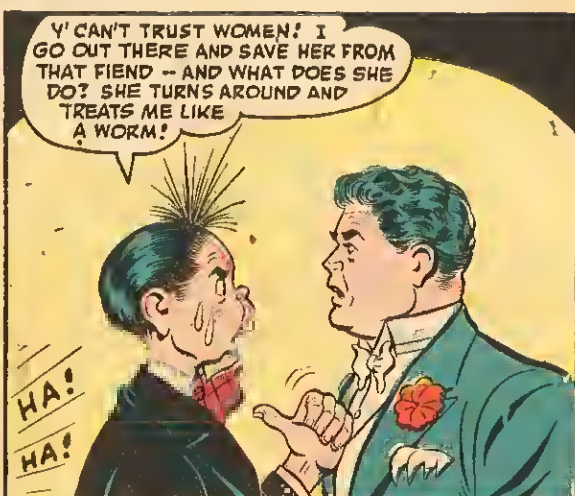


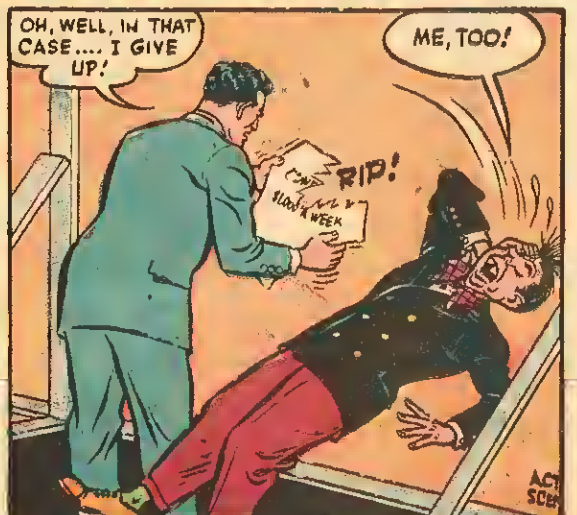
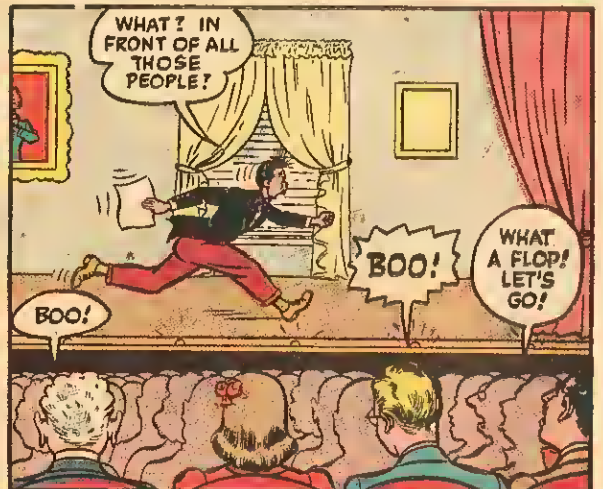
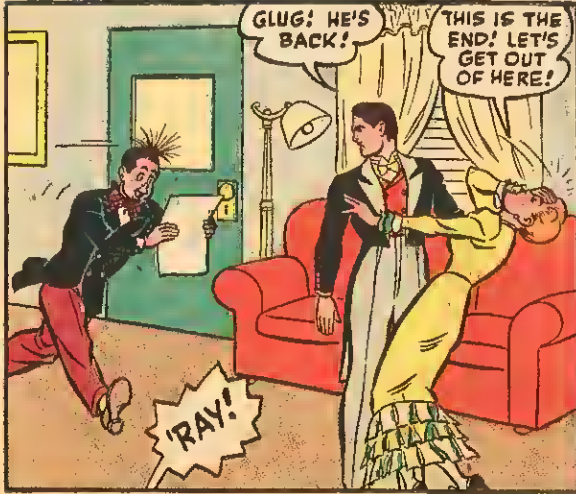




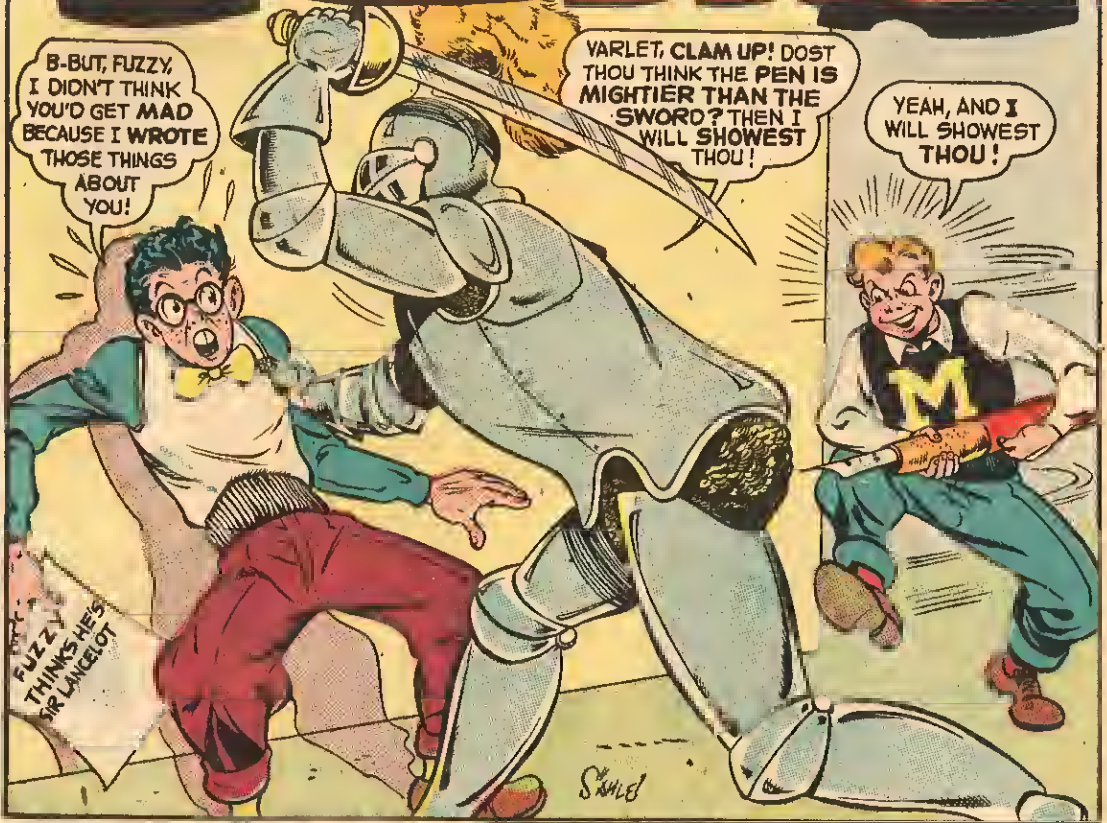




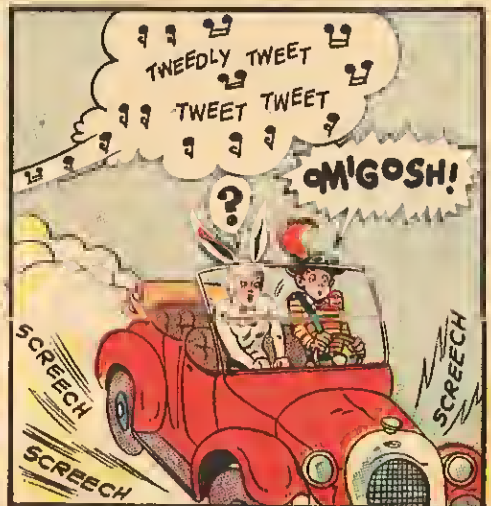


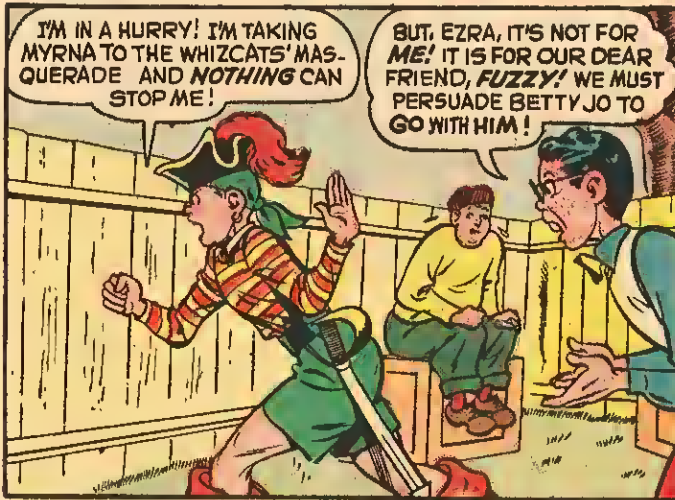
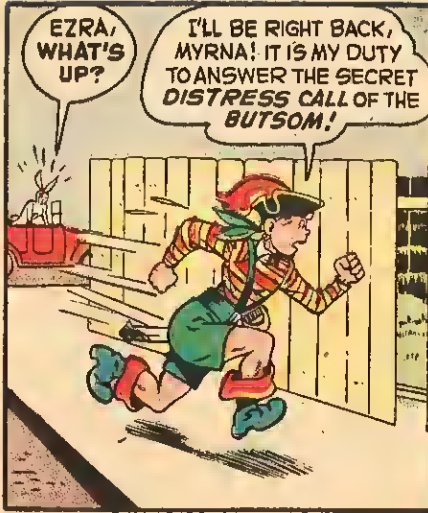


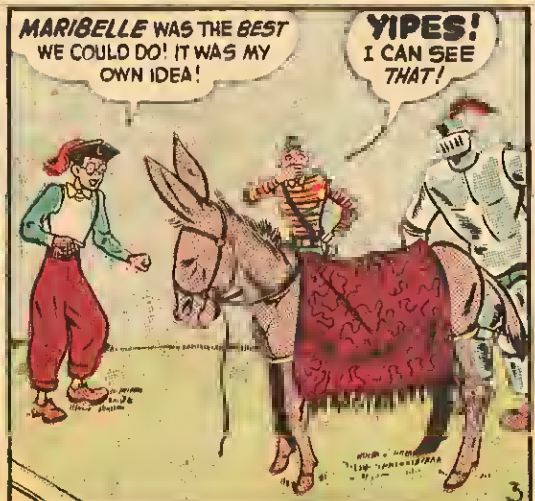
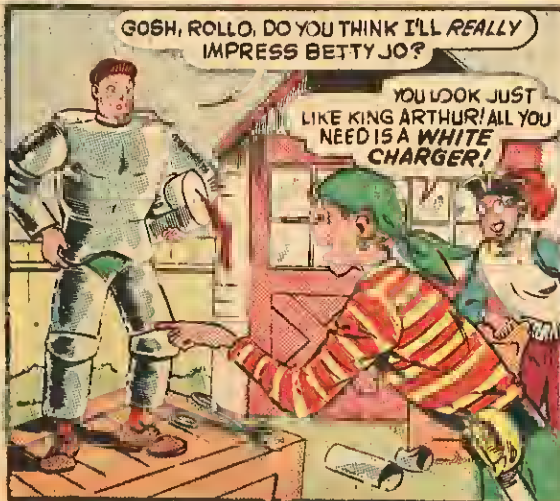
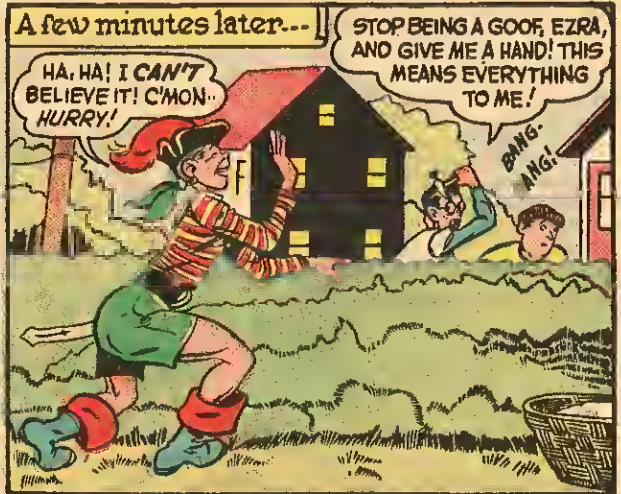
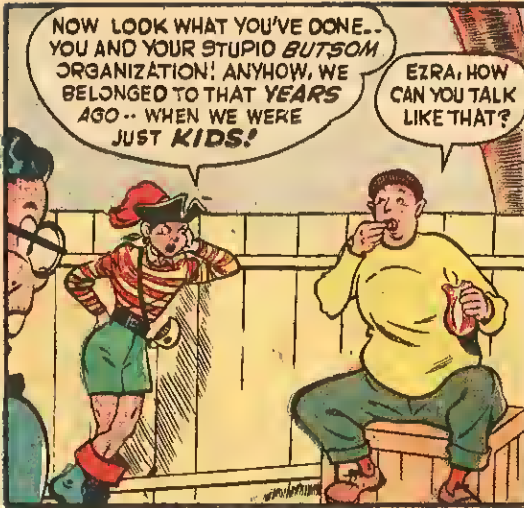
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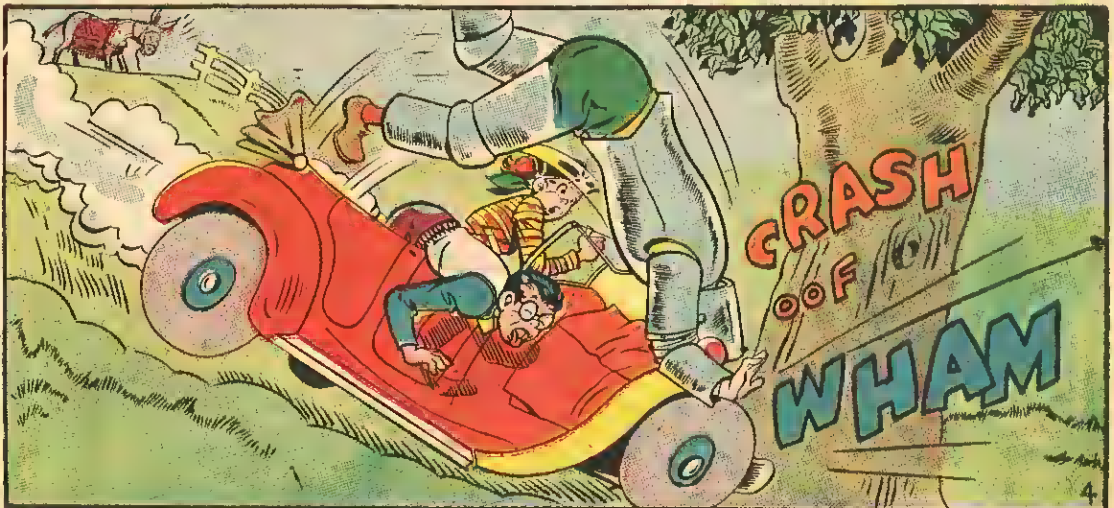
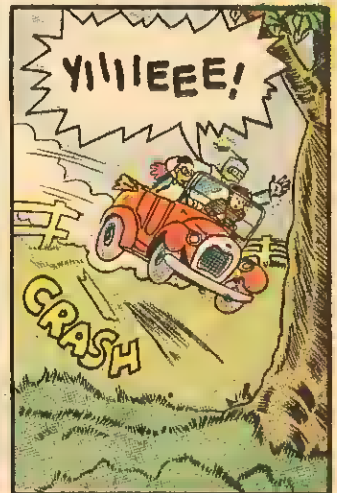
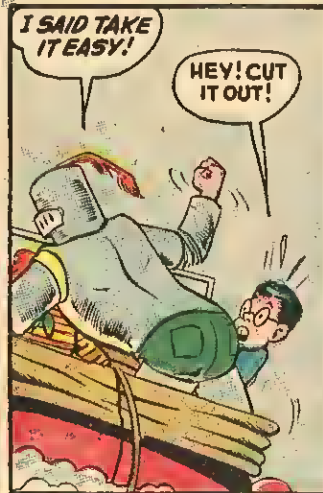
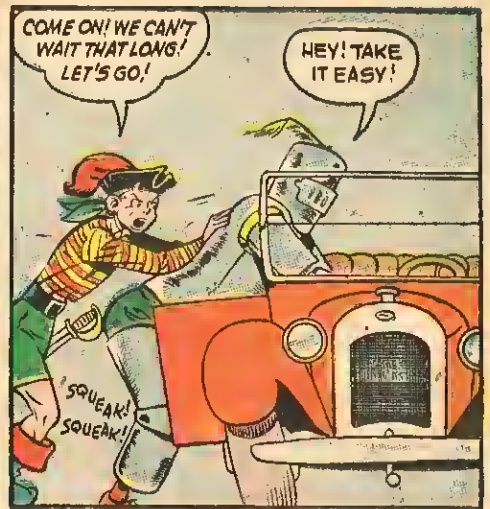
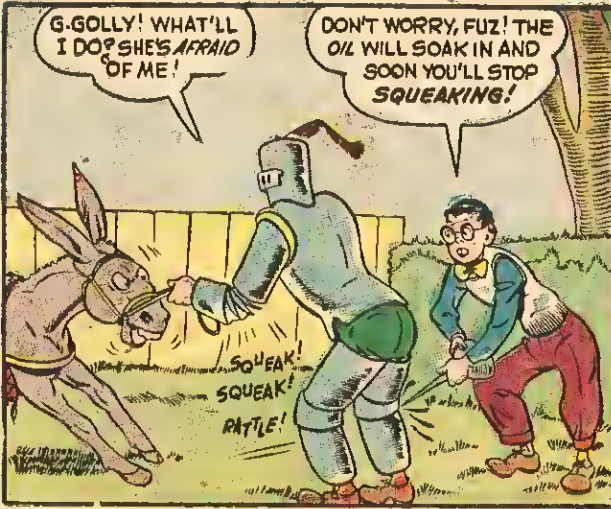


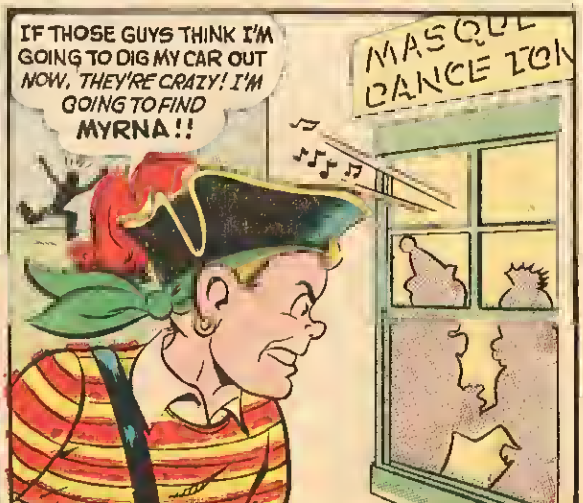
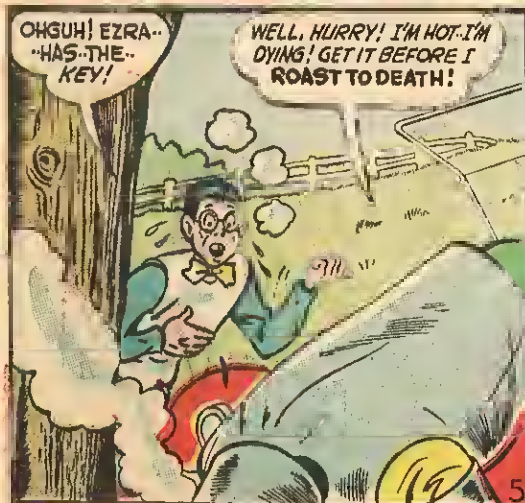
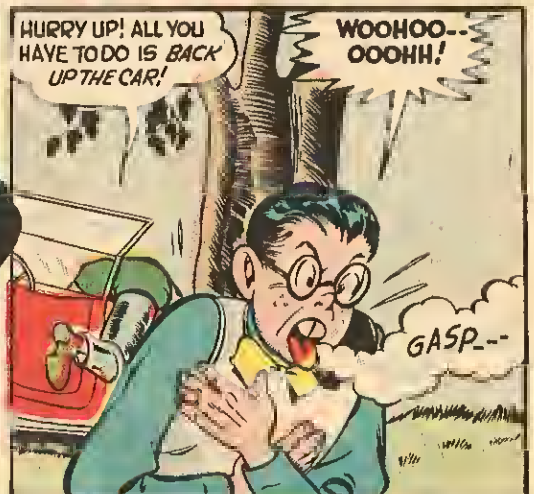
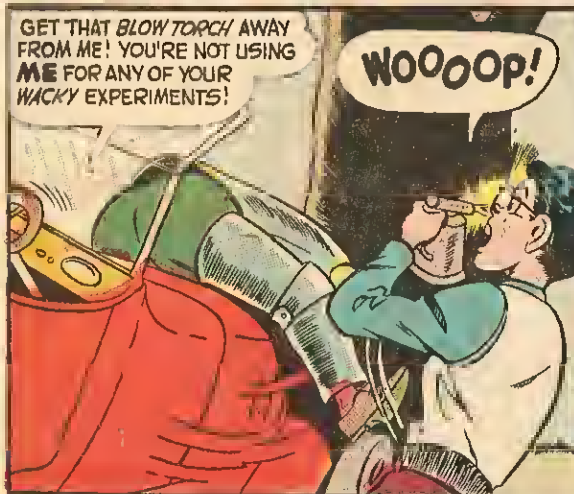
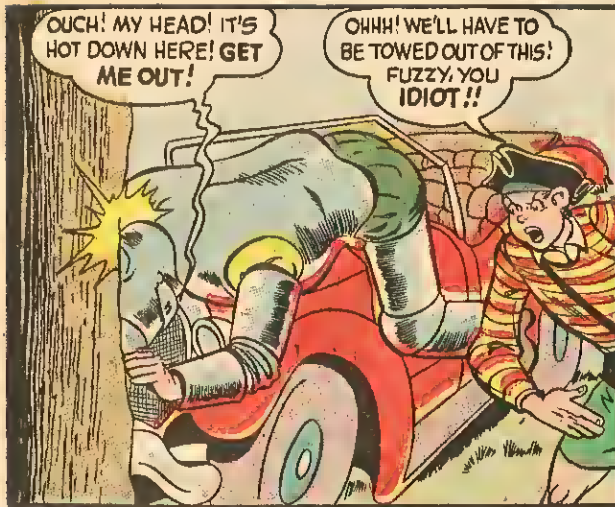
There's never a dull moment in Manorville-----

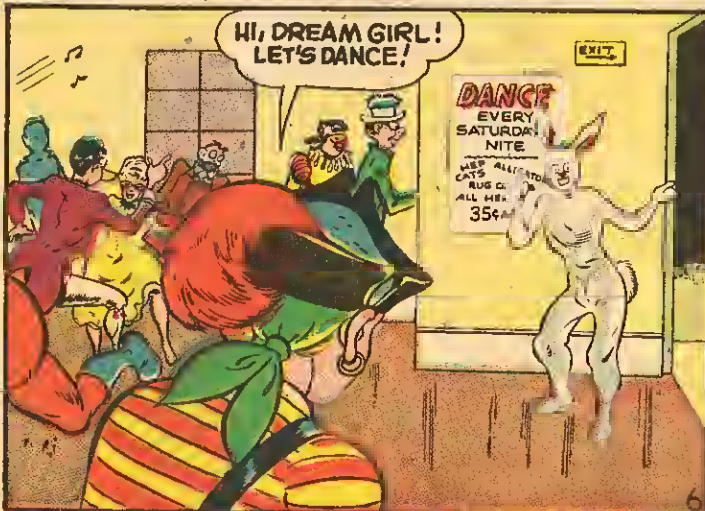
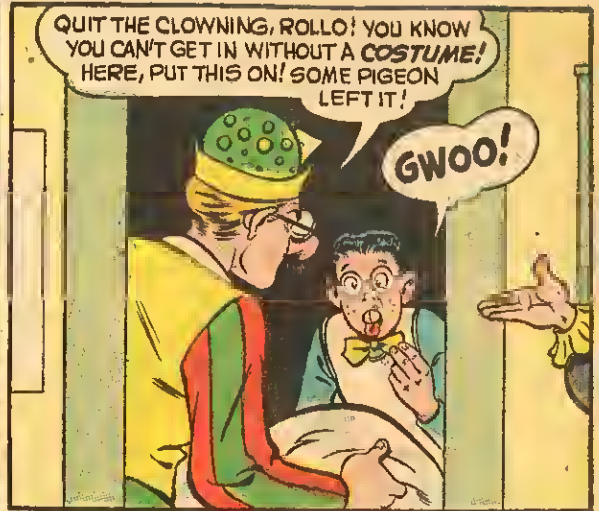


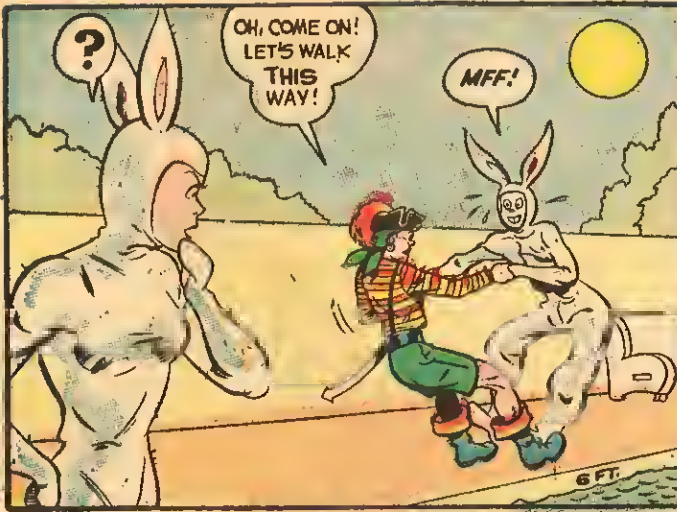


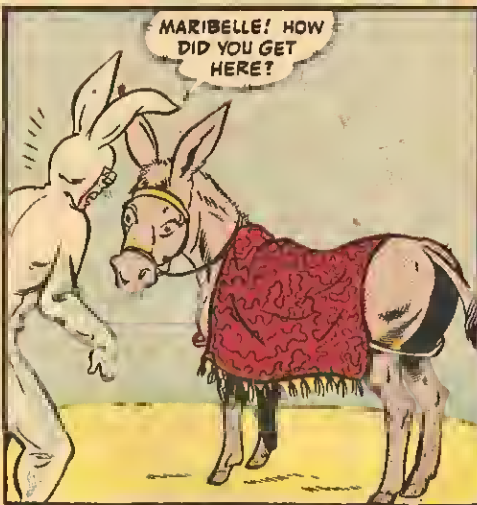
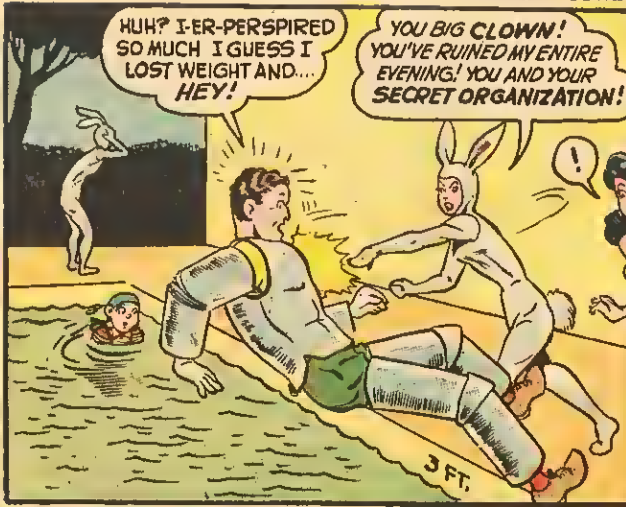




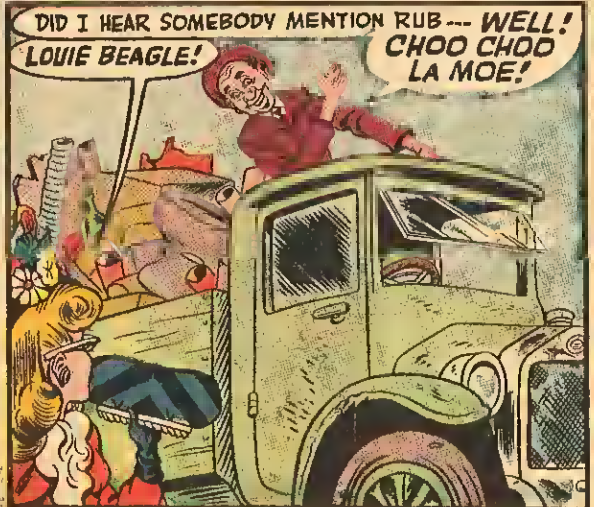


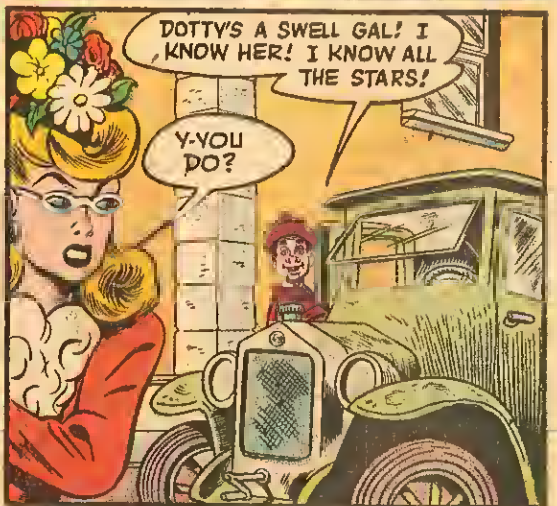
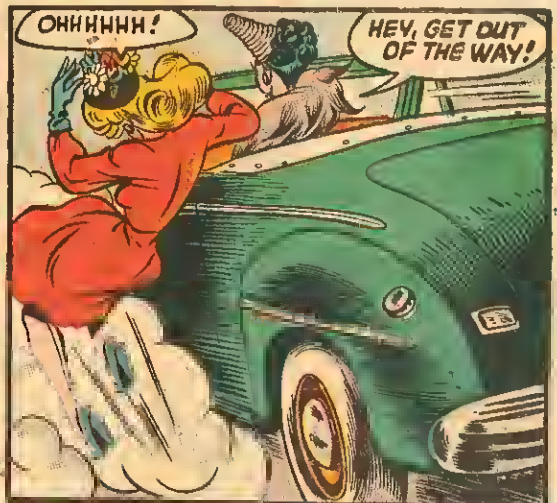
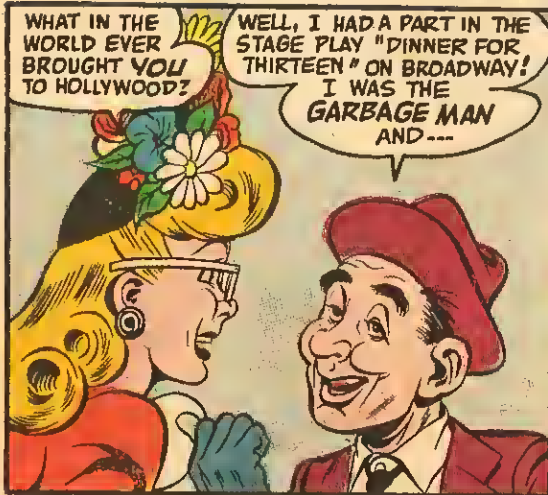


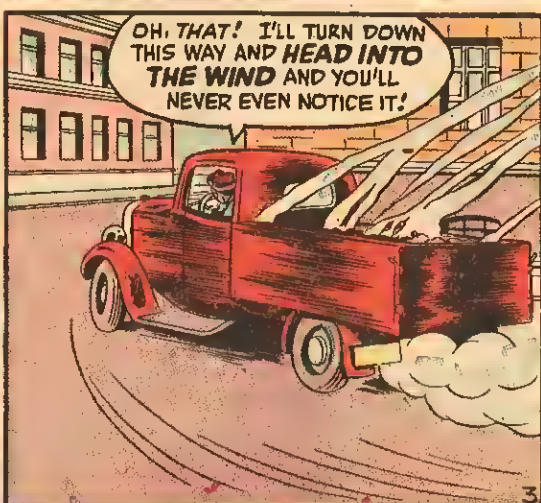
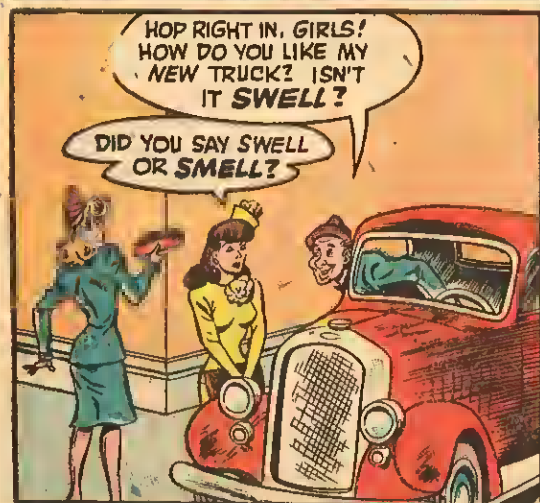
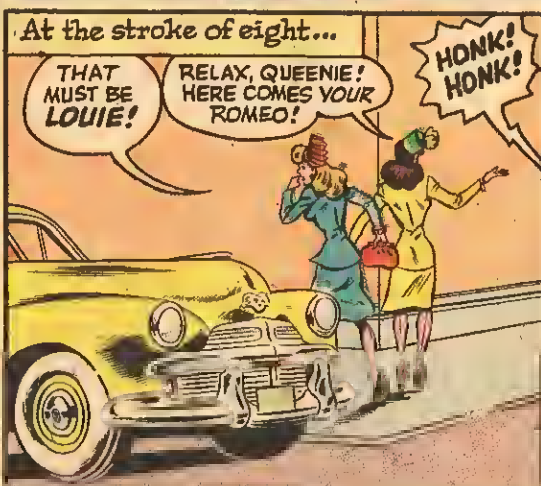
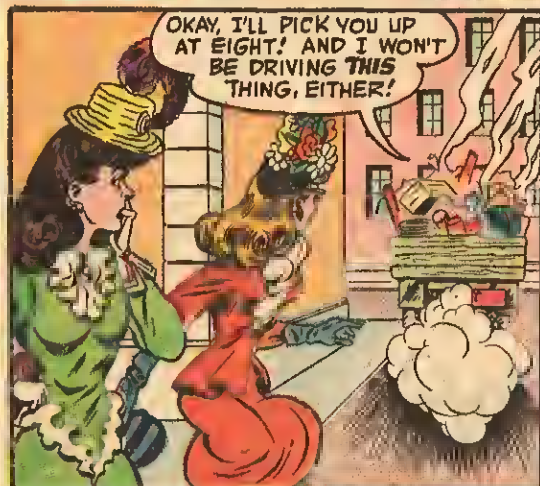


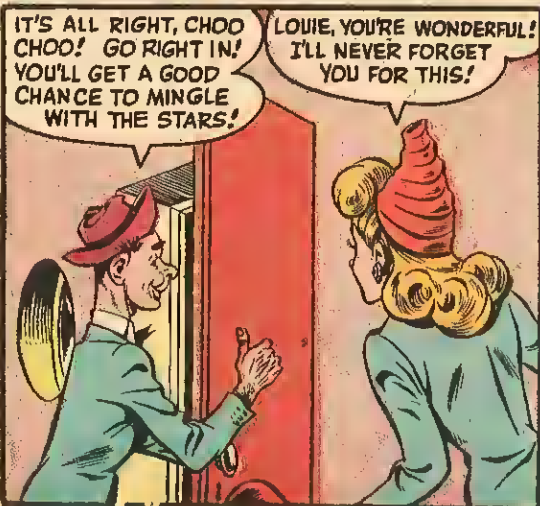
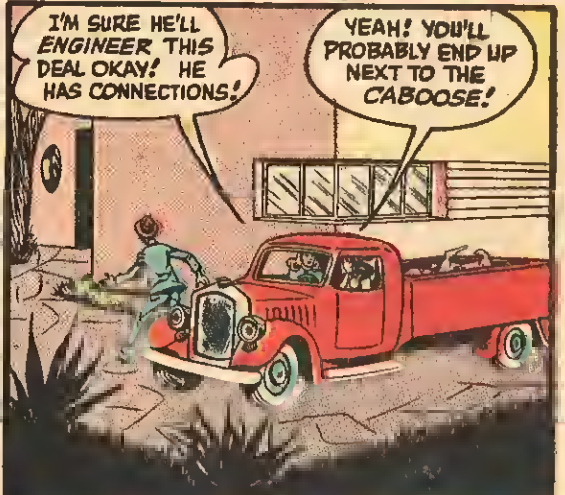
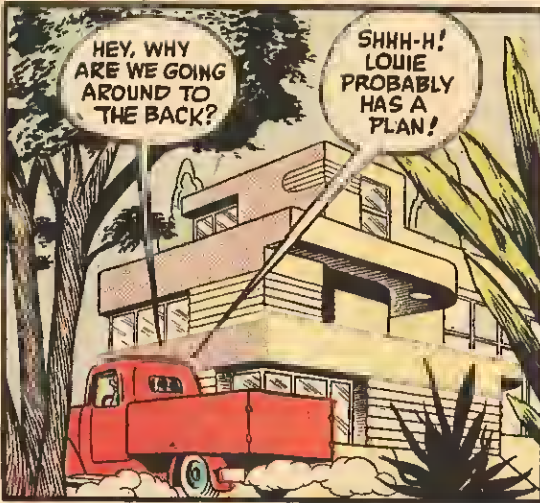
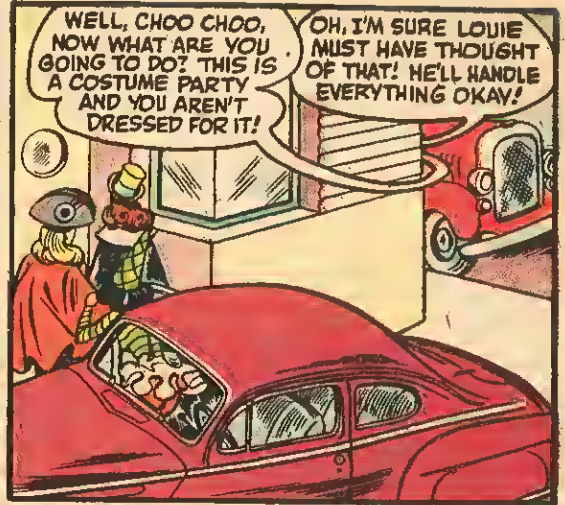
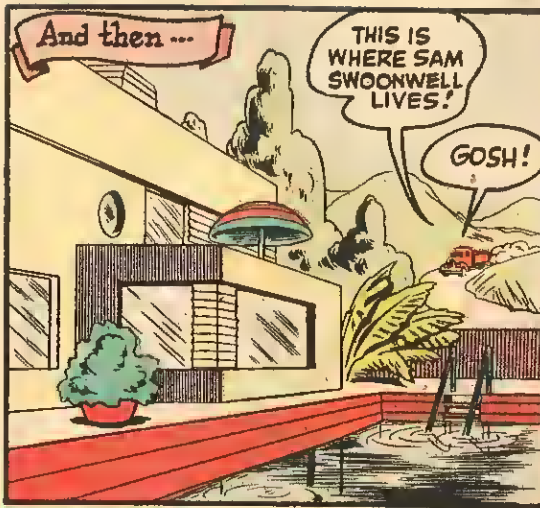


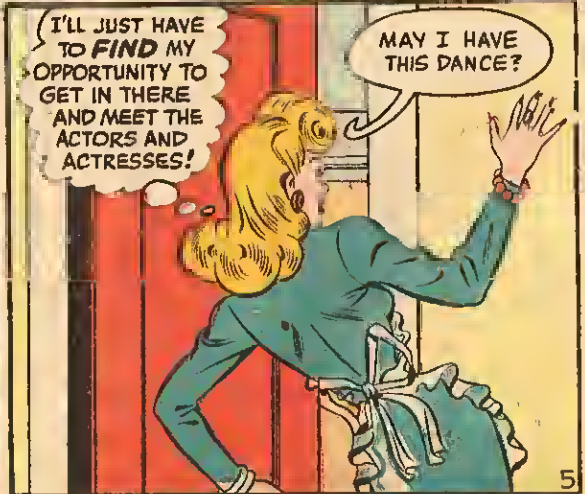
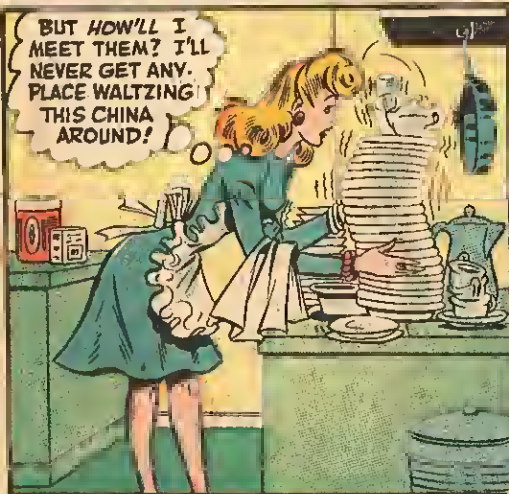
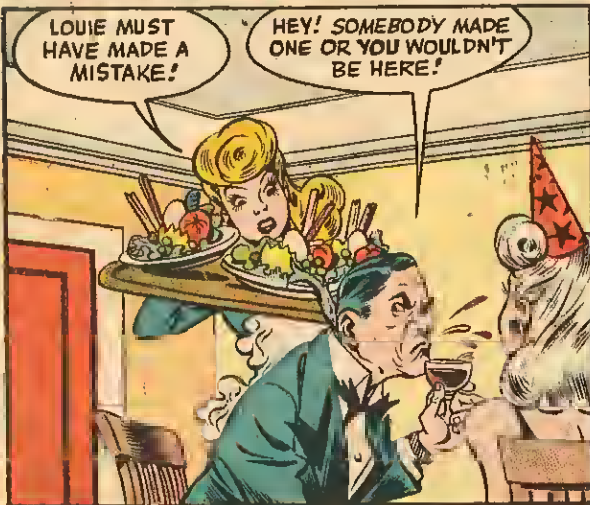
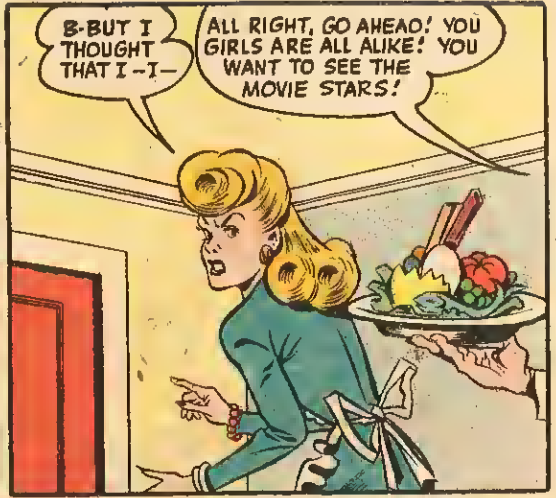
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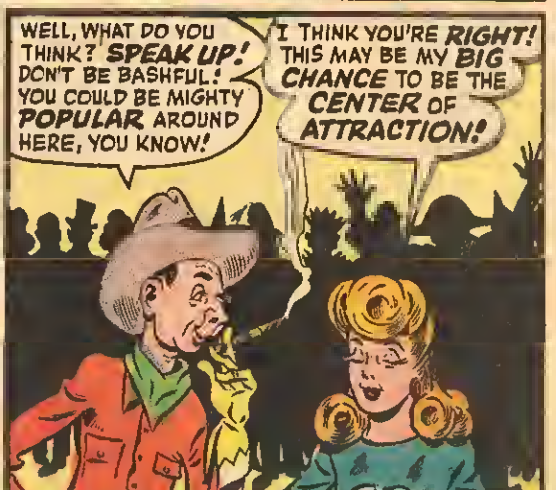
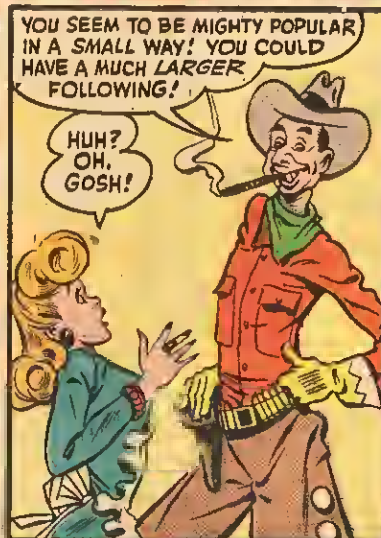
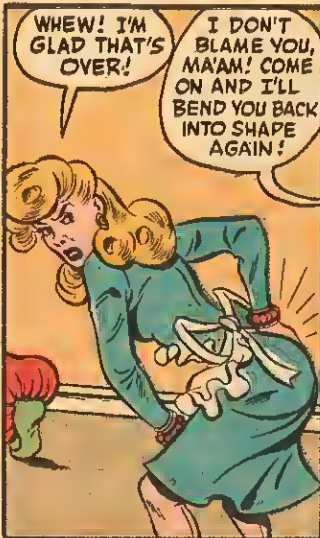
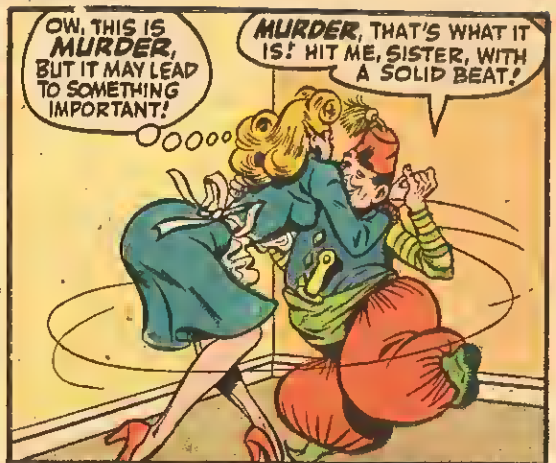
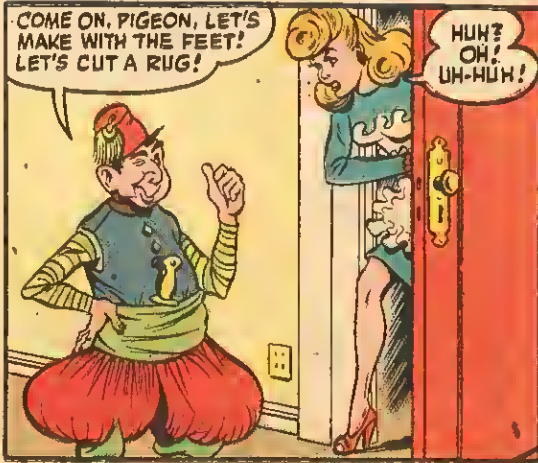


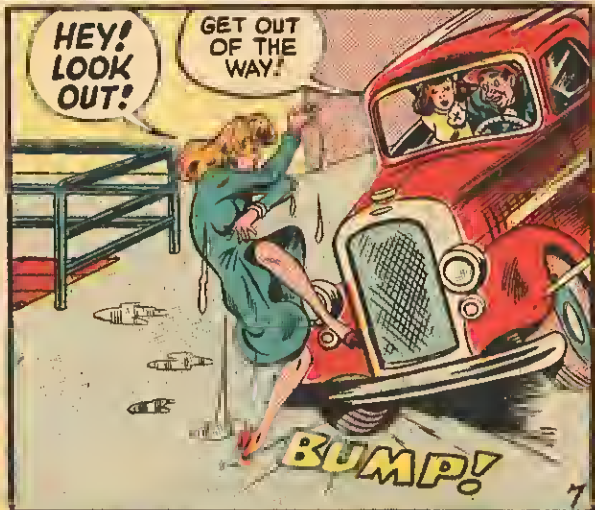
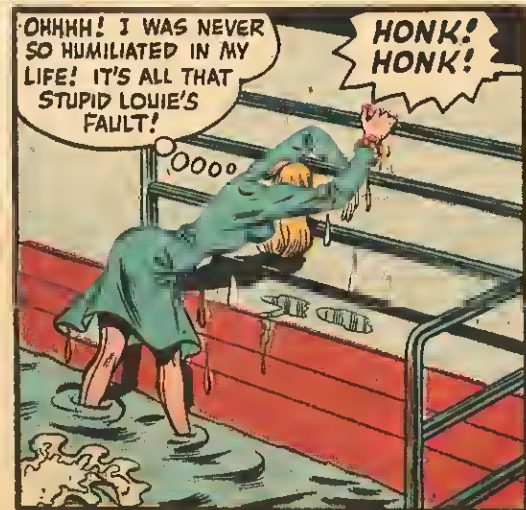
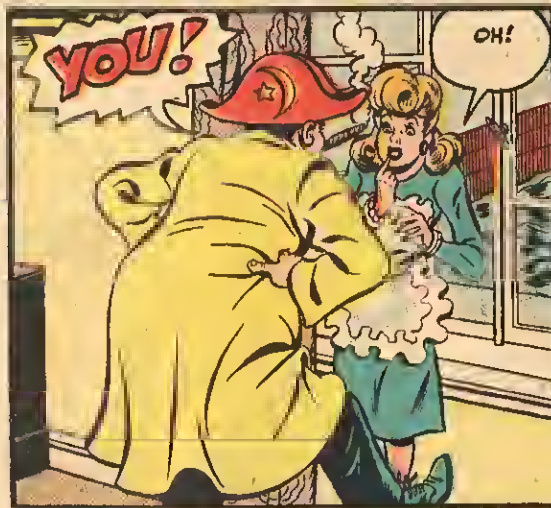
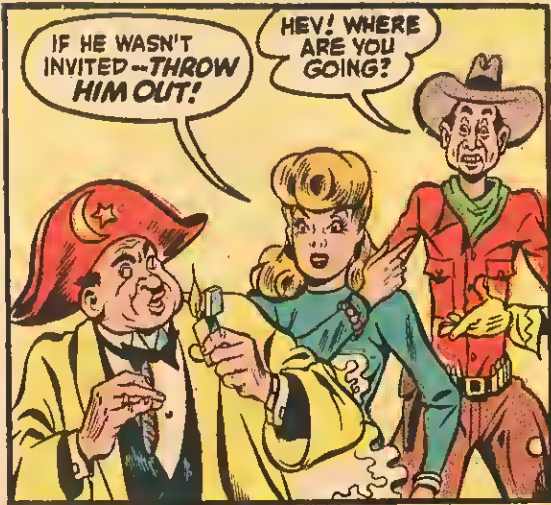


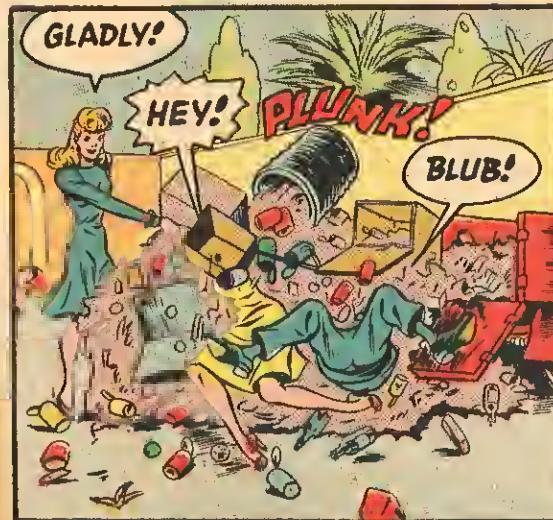
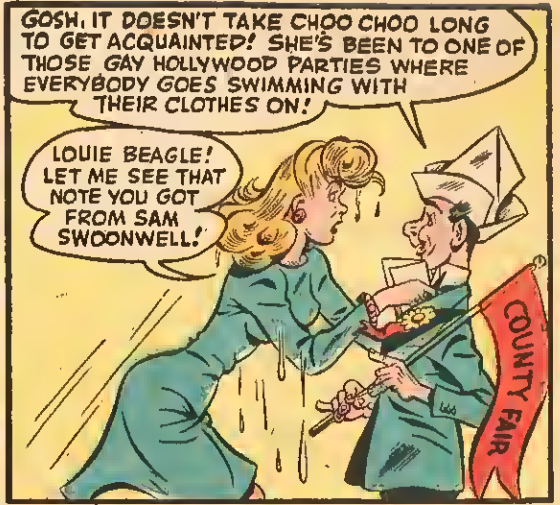












THE ATOM

HE lay back on the thwart of the boat, his face blackened and grotesque from the blazing sun. His eyes were red festering wounds with their sight almost burned out.

He groaned as he tried to move, to ease his parched, emaciated body. This was it, he knew. This was the end of everything. Shark food!

What was it—ten—fifteen days since the yacht had sunk in a flaming, roaring inferno, blasted by a hidden mine. He wondered vaguely what had become of the others—there had been nineteen on board. The ship had gone down soon after the shattering blast. He remembered the others putting off in rafts and boats, but it had been dark.

And then the endless days of drifting on the flat, yellow sea. The water had lasted six days, the food two. Then there had been nothing. Nothing but the sea and sun and the slow drifting.

He turned his head painfully when he heard a fish leap out of the water. Even a raw fish would be a feast.

He had fought the almost overpowering desire to gulp sea water, fought it and won. Only to lose anyway. For now he was too weak to lift his hands. He knew that madness lay near—the stark, ugly madness of a man starving and dying of thirst.

The sun, a blazing blowtorch against his swollen face, didn't hurt now. His eyes wouldn't close, but then he could see practically nothing.

At first it had been insufferably hot and he'd peeled off his clothes. But it had been hot only during the day; at night he had almost frozen. His body was a horrible thing, with gaping raw sores where the skin had cracked and salt water had irritated the abrasions. The least move, and he would cry out at the torture. Only the cry was a croak.

Water! The burning agony of thirst had crazed him the first few days after the supply had given out. There was less feeling now.

And perhaps this was because madness and death were so close.

Death! When he wanted life so much. But no. He couldn't die. He wouldn't! He must not die! His country needed him. Hadn't he obtained that which all the world was searching for?

The secret. The greatest secret of the age. Atomic power! And he had the secret right here with him—locked within the burning layers of his brain. Ah, no, he hadn't trusted anything to writing. Months ago, he had learned that which he sought. In those months he had studied, firmly implanted himself into the good graces of those mighty wizards of the secret laboratories.

And then came the day. The great day. He had at last been allowed to leave the closely guarded citadel which held the mighty, the stupendous secret. And he had come away with the thing all worked out and catalogued in his head. The secret! The secret the whole world had raced to get.

He chuckled, making a croaking sound, as he thought of the might his nation would now have—all because of him and his cleverness. All because of him!

"I can win the world," he croaked. "It is within my power—my power—to destroy the entire world. Or (he made a strange sound in his parched throat) I can wield might and power for eternal peace!"

He let himself think, deliciously, of the vast secret and power he possessed, and a calmness came over him, cloying in its intensity.

But he had to live. He had to live!

It was nearly sunset now. He shivered, in anticipation of the coolness that came with the darkness. He tried to move, to half turn, but the agonizing pain caused his soul to shriek out; his vocal chords would not make a sound.

A sudden icy coldness stole over him. It perhaps was better—this way. Better to have him die with the secret locked within his blazing brain. Had his country done so much for him?

Had he ever received the plaudits he deserved, but which were given only to those with high-and-mighty stations in life?

An oath gurgled in his throat. Why didn't everything end now? Why must he lie here, locked in the burning embrace of certain death? Why must he suffer this torment? He had fought for his country. Fought hard and well.

The sun dipped low over the ocean's rim and instantly the first breath of breeze stirred. Tantalizing it was, its cool fingers caressing his blackened body. Soon it would be night, and cold.

An hour passed. Two. The cold wind came out of the west, ruffling the quiet water. Then the moon slid up, turning the sea into silver.

Strange, how acute his hearing had become. He heard the palms rustling on distant islands, thousands of miles away. He heard gulls screaming on shores that were remote. He heard men aboard great ships talking in low voices, discussing the possibility of a torpedo striking them. He heard the crew of a submarine just before they crash-dived, yelling in terrified voices. He heard them speak in many tongues, and he understood them all.

He listened attentively to two men, adrift on a raft. They were thirsty—dying of thirst. They were talking about the deliciousness of water. Water!

He shuddered, and a horrible nausea swept over him. He tried to get his face over the side of the boat, but lacked the strength. He reached, the act tearing his vitals loose, setting fire to his whole being.

He lay back, weak and panting, knowing with an ecstatic sense of relief, that death would come quickly.

The voices still came to his ears, whisperings in the night silence. And then the unmistakable drone of a plane shattered the stillness. Many planes!

They had come then. His comrades had not forgotten him. His country loved him after all. And why shouldn't they? Hadn't he done the impossible? Hadn't he striven, against terrible odds, to learn that which would make his nation the greatest power on earth?

He listened. Yes, the sounds were getting nearer, but still they were far enough away. But they would find him. They had to find him!

He wished he had a flare; yet he knew he was too weak to set it off.

But they'd get there soon. Yes, they'd get there. Undoubtedly the flares set off on deck just as the yacht had struck had been seen, and the fliers knew approximately where to look.

He gave himself over to dreams. Yes, he would be great in his country now. No one would be greater. He was their saviour. Saviour of the world. Better, monarch of the world! What was to hinder him from giving only a partly complete report? What was to hinder him from going to some island, setting up a laboratory and suddenly wiping out all civilizations? He could be king of the universe!

Yes, yes, that's what he'd do. He'd just give them a little of the secret information—enough to start the scientists working. It was doubtful if they'd stumble upon the inner secret that made this tremendous secret vital and real—and devastating.

It was growing increasingly colder and, he shook with the grasp of the night wind. But he grew warm instantly as he considered his vast power. Soon he'd go flying back to his own land in comfort. Then before the world knew what was upon them, he'd release his terrible might.

The planes' roaring was now a violent thunder off to the east and slightly north. They were coming! They were coming! He was ready for them!

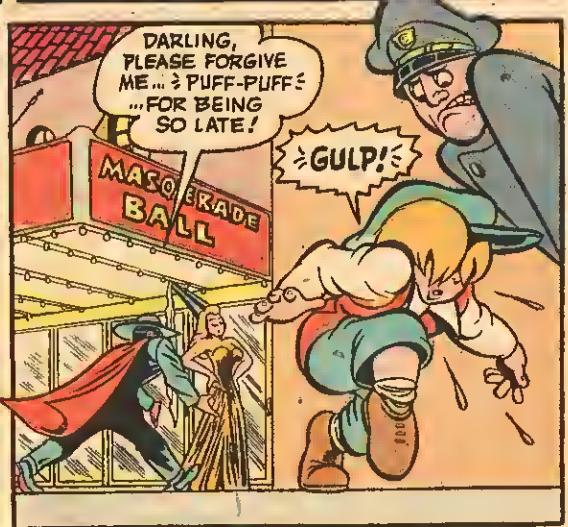
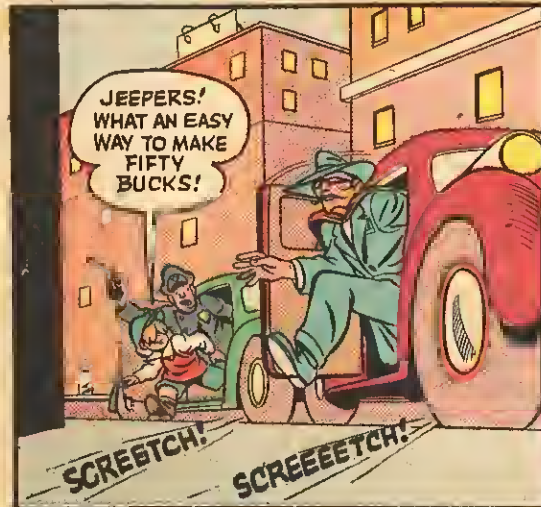
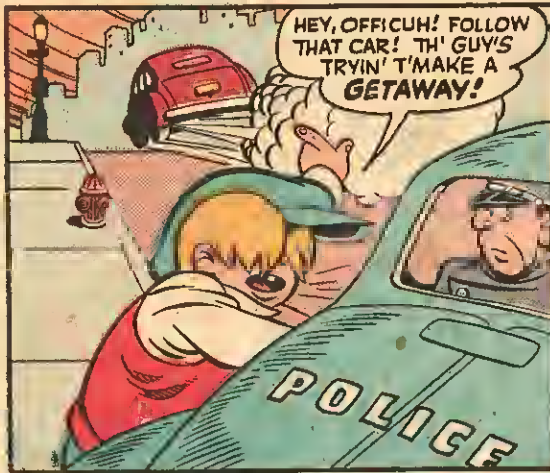
Closer, closer they came. It seemed to the waiting man in the boat that all the planes in the world were in that fleet. The roar made the boat vibrate, seemed to lay a blanket of quieting power over the waves.

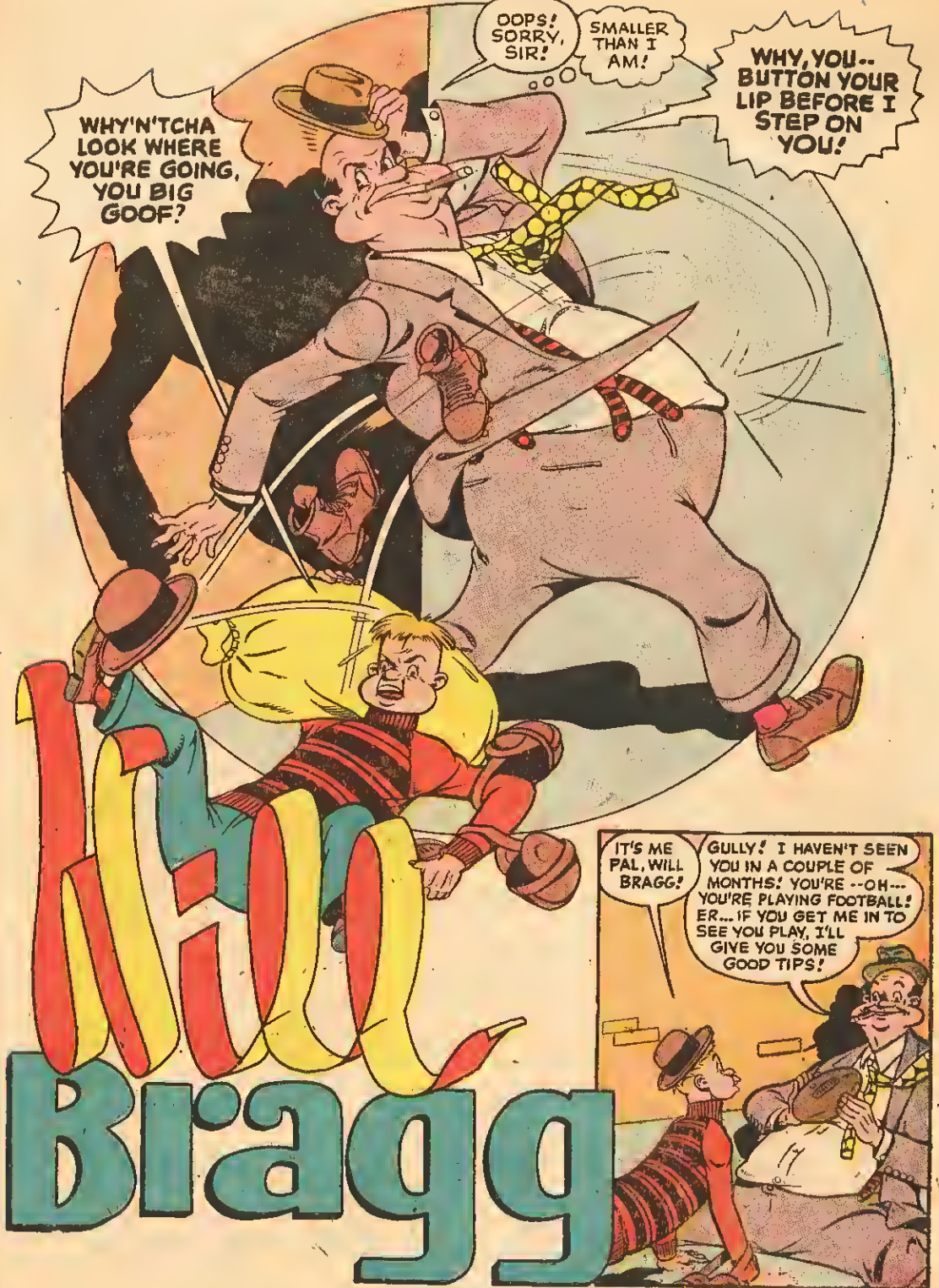
Now they were directly overhead. Soon they would throw out flares, turn on brilliant searchlights, and sweep the waters. He'd be spotted.

And then, a violent, ear-paralyzing, eye-blinding, world-shaking explosion erupted overhead. The ocean turned over and the bottom, hundreds of feet down, was exposed, and the creatures of the deep were blasted far into the skies. The very atmosphere collapsed for miles around, and there was nothing—nothing but a solid dome of energy.

"Well, there she goes," said the pilot of the B-29 to his co-pilot. "There's our little atomic bomb on Bikini. Bet nothing's left of the atoll, or the battleship targets!"

POODLE McDODDLE





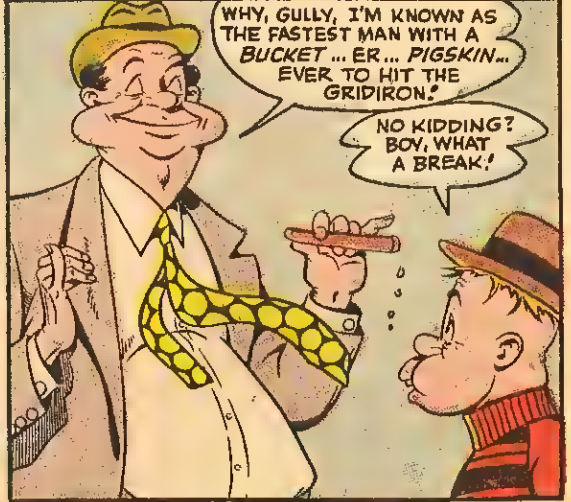
AHEM! SPLINTER-BRITCHES BRAGG, THEY USED TO CALL ME! ; BLUB-...ER... BECAUSE THE COACH WAS ALWAYS SAVING ME FOR A REAL TIGHT SPOT!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLAYED FOOTBALL!



WHY, GULLY, I'M KNOWN AS THE FASTEST MAN WITH A BUCKET ... ER ... PIGSKIN... EVER TO HIT THE GRIDIRON!

NO KIDDING? BOY, WHAT A BREAK!



I SHOULD SAY SO! ER-- NOW, HOW ABOUT YOUR GETTING ME IN TO SEE THE GAMES ... IN RETURN FOR SOME GOOD POINTERS?

SEE 'EM? YOU'RE GONNA PLAY! I JUST STARTED A PRO TEAM HERE AND I NEED A GOOD MAN! THE TEAM WE'RE PLAYING IS PRETTY HOT!

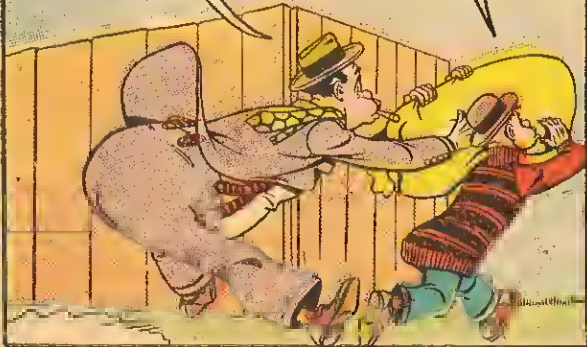


PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL? ; GULP? ... TH'-- THE PLAYERS ON THOSE TEAMS ARE USUALLY THE BEST THERE ARE!

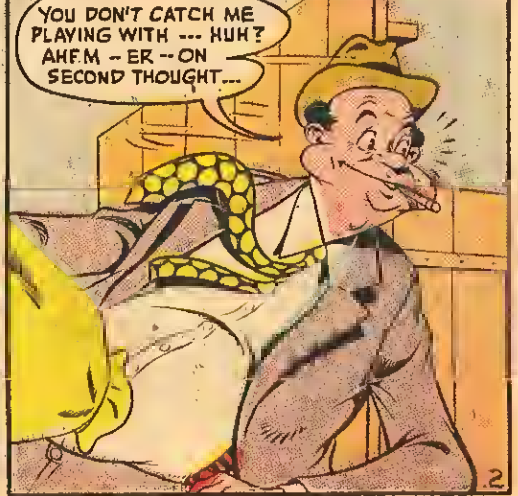


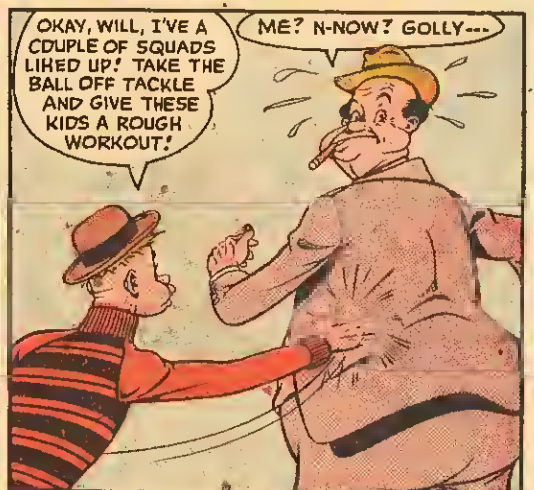
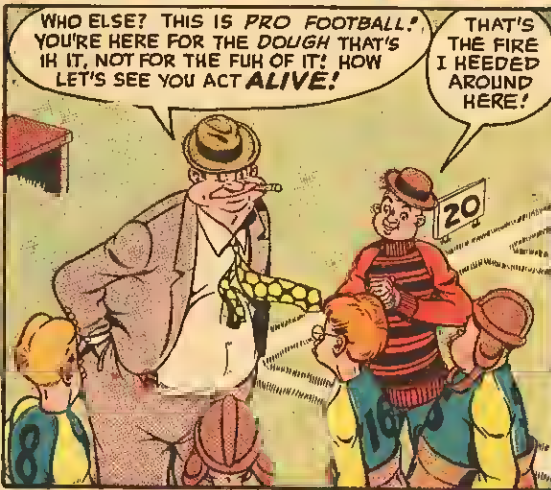
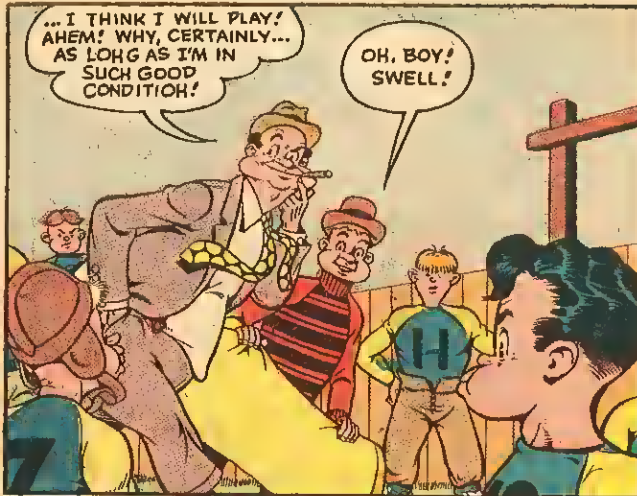
ER... B-BUT, GULLY, I'M REALLY NOT IN CONDITION... MAYBE NOT EVEN FOR COACHING!

NIX! I NEED A COLORFUL PLAYER TO PEP UP THE GAME, AND YOU'RE IT!

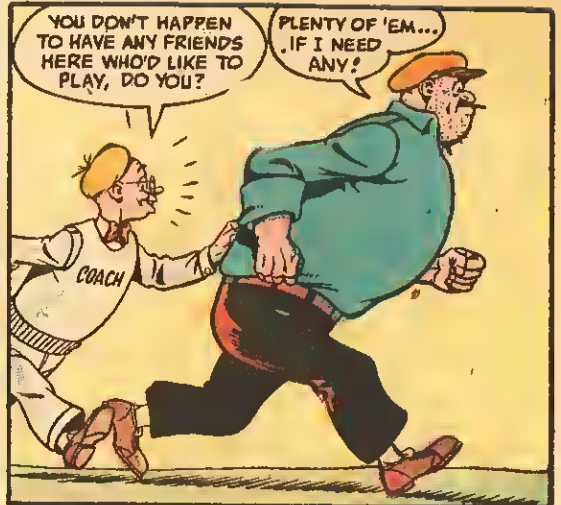


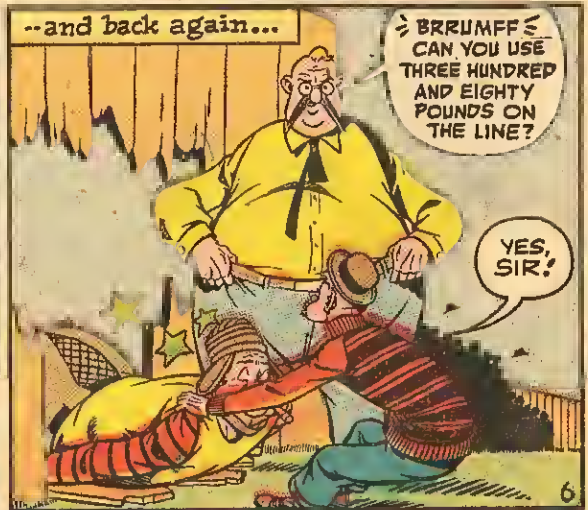
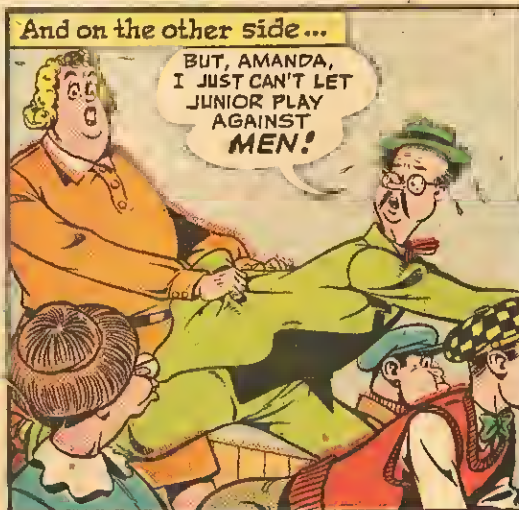
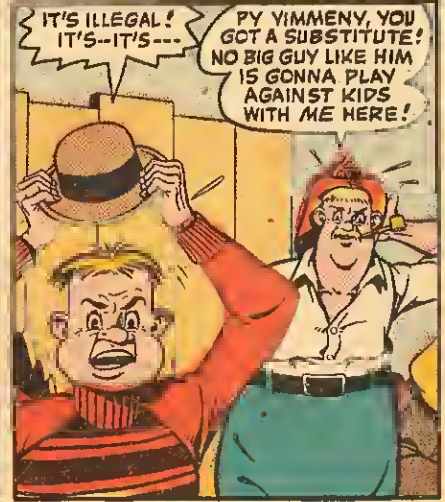
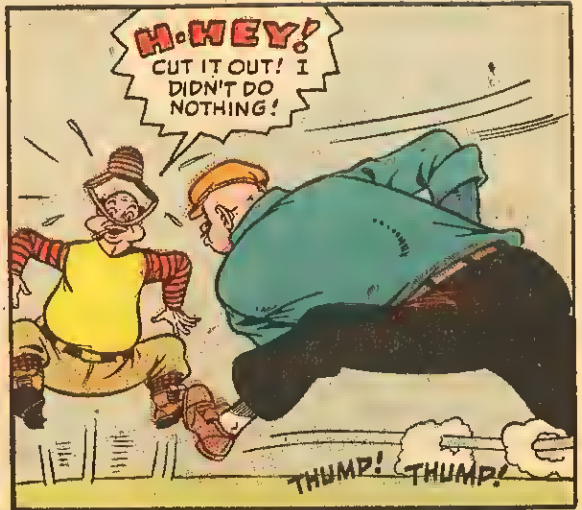
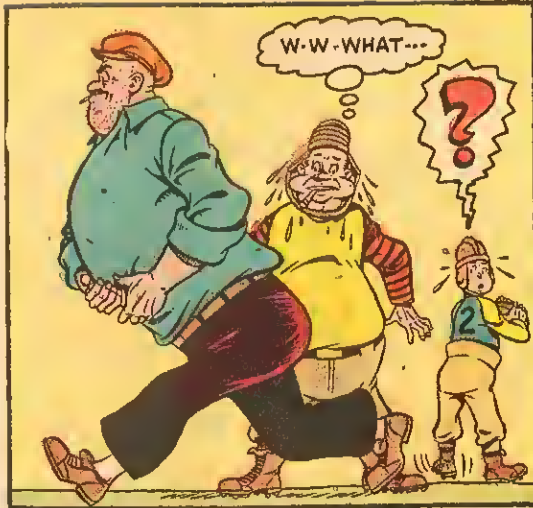
YOU DON'T CATCH ME PLAYING WITH --- HUH? AH-EM -- ER -- ON SECOND THOUGHT---

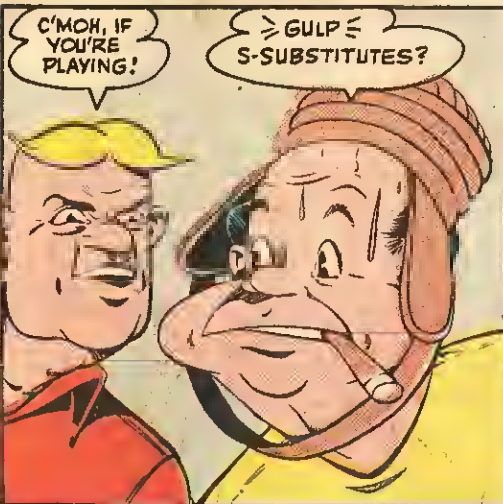
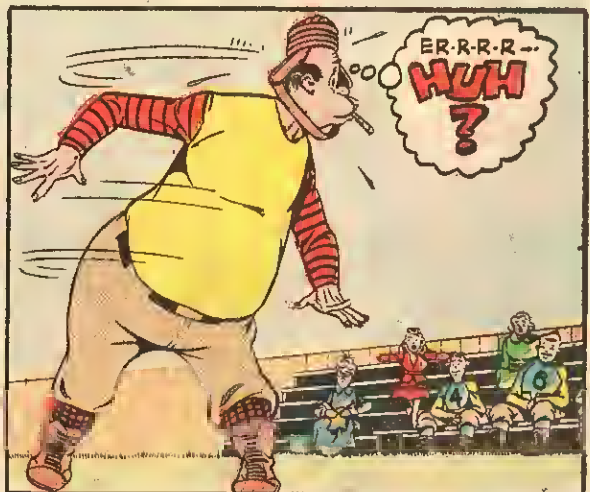
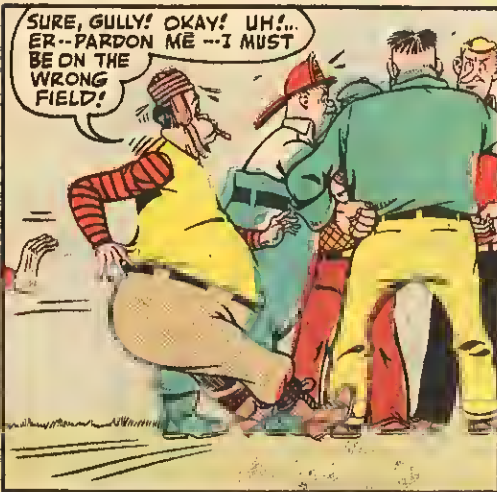
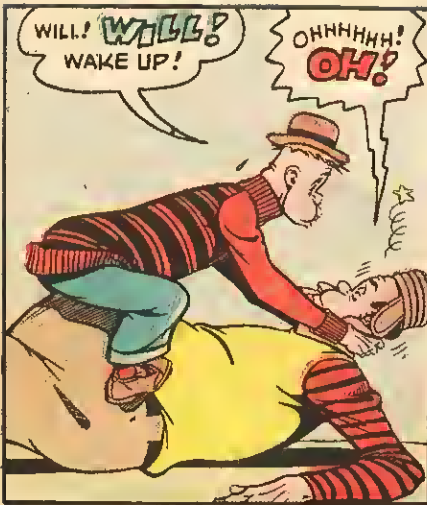


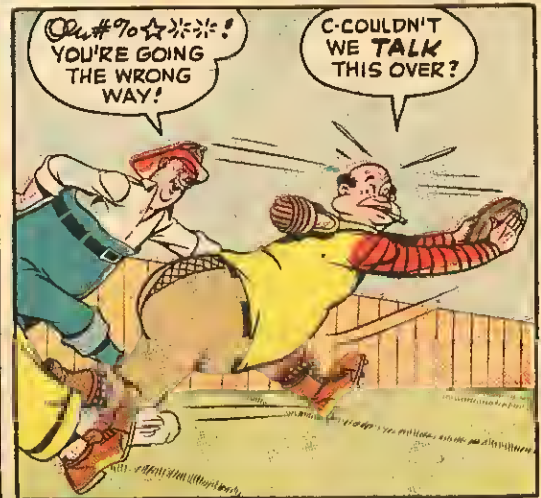


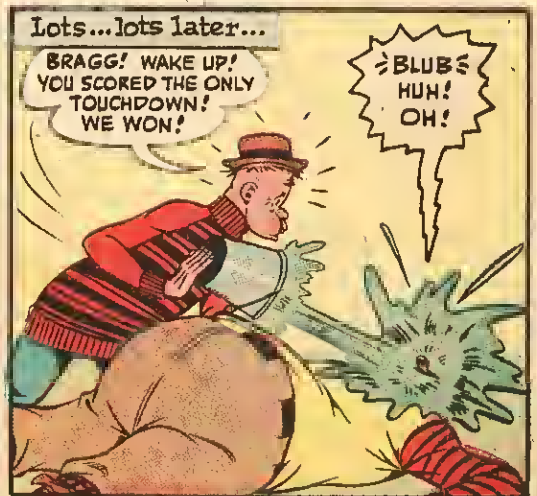
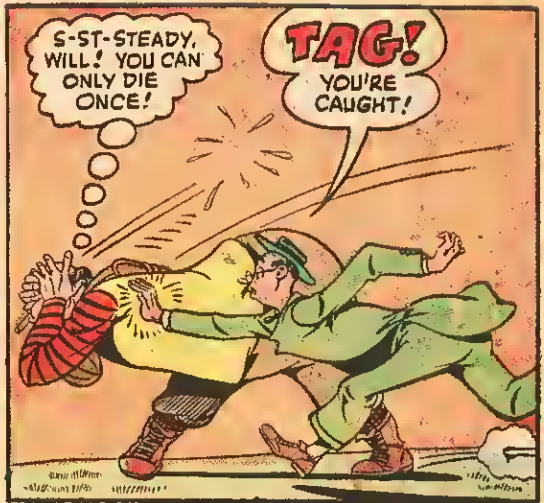




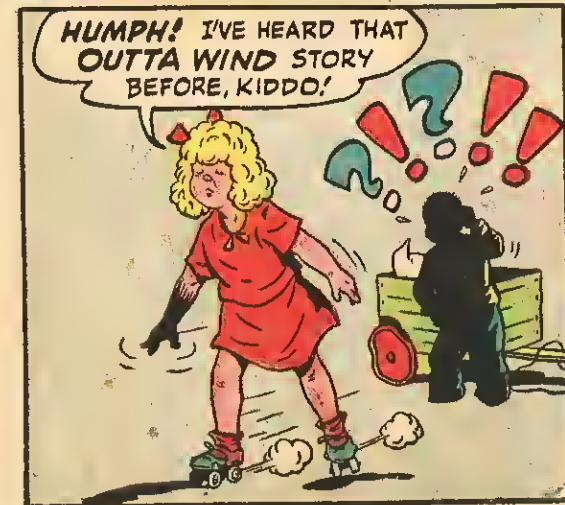
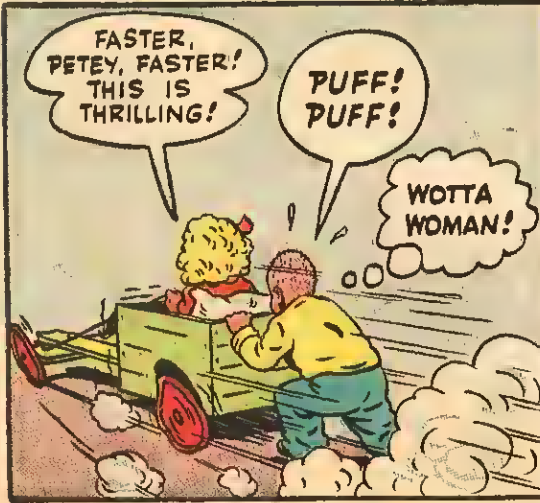
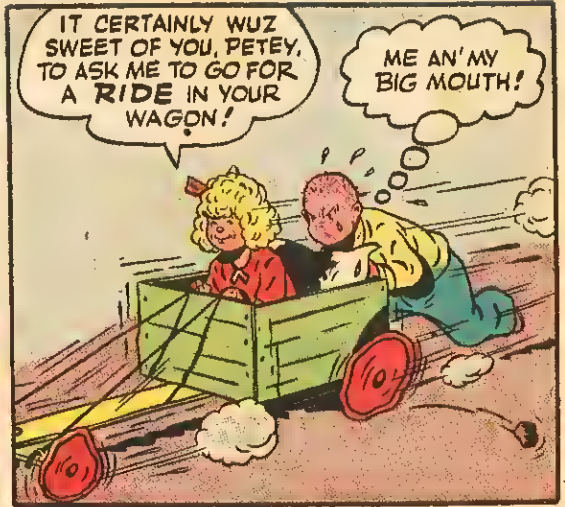
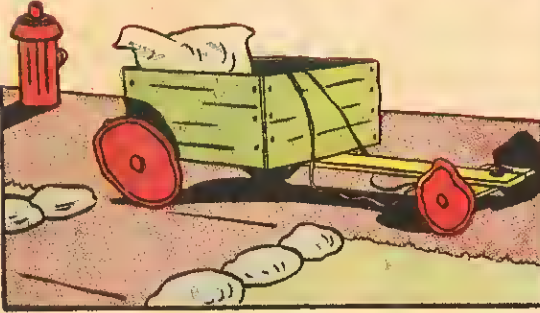




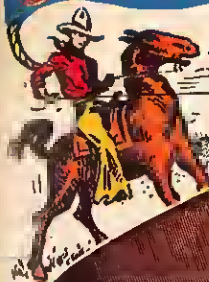




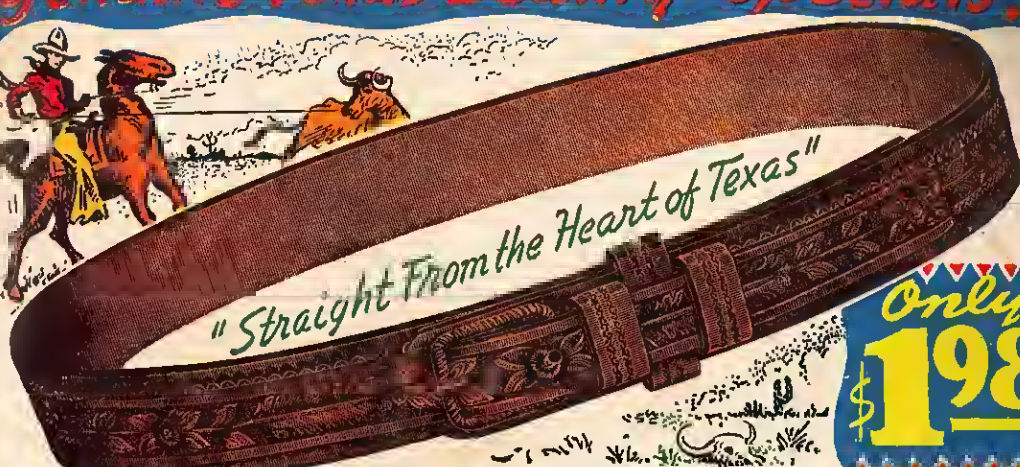
PRUDENCE



Genuine "Texas Beauty" Specials!



"Straight From the Heart of Texas"



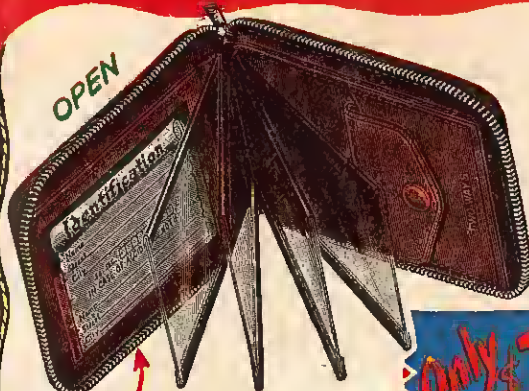
Only
\$1.98

Beautiful Antique Finish Genuine Cowhide! Tooled Spanish Design

Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here it is—"Straight from the Heart of Texas"—a belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants his belt to look rich and hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish—expertly hand-stamped from end to end by skilled belt craftsmen—gives the Texas Beauty Belt the ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width and has an all-metal buckle. Also has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

When you see this Texas Beauty Belt and examine its many outstanding features, you'll wonder how we could possibly offer it to you in these times for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98. There's no doubt about it—here's a marvelous value. Order your belt today and see for yourself. There's no risk. If you're not pleased and delighted in every way, you can return it in 10 days for full refund. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon below and pay postman on arrival. Be sure to state your belt size from 28 to 46.

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



SECRET POCKET



CLOSED

Only **\$2.98**

Men Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-A-Round" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-in Change Pouch, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

BUY BOTH AND SAVE

Order the Belt and Billfold together as a matching set. Special price for the set only \$4.69 plus 60c Federal Tax on the Billfold. Makes an ideal gift.



Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9182
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me the Texas Beauty Specials indicated below C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

- ☐ Send me the Antique Finish Cowhide Belt @ \$1.98 (Belt sizes from 28 to 46). This is my belt size.
- ☐ Send me the Saddle Leather Zipper Billfold @ \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax (total \$3.58).
- ☐ Send me the Belt and the Billfold as a set @ special price of \$4.69 plus 60c Tax on the Billfold (total \$5.29).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

☐ I am enclosing full payment in advance with this order to save all shipping charges.

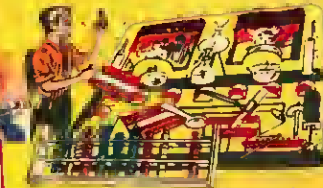
Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

**DAISY'S
RED
HYDER
CARBINE**



**HEY
FELLOWS!**

DAISY'S swell gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extro.

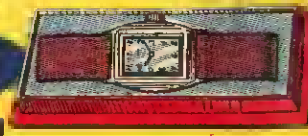


COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET
Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of Xmas Pocks.



**WRIST
WATCH**

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extro.



LEATHER WALLETS GIVEN

American Lady Wallet for Girls. Initials in gold. Also secret Compartment Wallet for Boys. Sell one order.



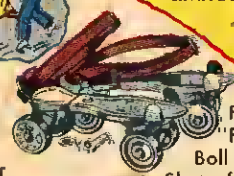
TOUCHDOWN!
**OFFICIAL
SIZE FOOTBALL**
Sell one order.
QUANTITY
LIMITED



A big, husky **HUNTING KNIFE**, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.



SWEETHEART DOLL
"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.

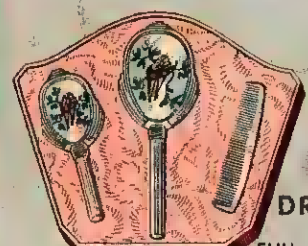


Famous "Flying Ace" **Boll Bearing Roller Skates** for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extro.



FALCON CAMERA
with Carrying Case.

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extro.



**DRESSER
SET**

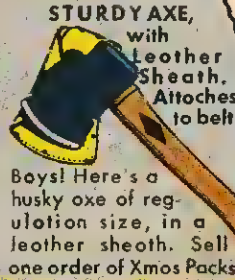
FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



**PEN &
PENCIL
SET**

A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.



STURDY AXE, with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of Xmas Pocks.



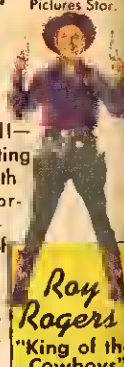
**Swivel Head
Flashlight**

"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order.

**ROY ROGERS GUN
WITH HOLSTER SET AND
12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT**



Boys! Get this big, old-metal repeating Cop Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of "ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll cops. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extro.



**Roy
Rogers
"King of the
Cowboys"**

**MORE PRIZES
FOR YOU**

shown in our big prize sheet, **MECHANICAL TRAIN SET BRACELETS BIBLE OVERNIGHT BAG POOL TABLE ALARM CLOCK POCKET WATCH ARCHERY SET**

**OUR
28th YEAR**

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Pocks at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Pocks to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pock contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cords, 2 Envelopes and 24 Sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Pocks and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. C-15 Lancaster, Pa.

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,
Dept. C-15 Lancaster, Pa.**

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Pocks. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

None _____

Street Address _____

or R. F. O. Box _____

City _____

State _____